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THE KANAKA* IN QUEENSLAND.

IT was quite casually that I happened to visit Queensland in the summer (the English summer) of 1883. I do not remember that, before my arrival in the colony, I had ever heard that Polynesian islanders were employed in the sugar-growing districts; indeed, I have no recollection of having any prior knowledge that there was any sugar cultivation in Queensland. This I can remember, that when first I saw Polynesians in the streets of Mackay I took them to be Australian aboriginals. So I think I have made it apparent that I brought no preconceived impressions to the study of the condition of the Kanaka labourers in the Queensland sugar regions. I visited, probably, three-fourths of the plantations in the Mackay districts, quite at random; I omitted to see nothing that I could discover to have any bearing on the subject; and I used with all assiduity the experience which considerable practice had given me in gathering and sifting evidence. It is a summary of the notes I then took, which naturally is fresher than anything that I could now write after a lapse of years, that I offer to the readers of the NEW REVIEW, adding to it a few remarks on the political aspects of the question and on the recruitment and importation of the Polynesian labourers.

In 1883 the Act of 1880 (44 Vic., Queensland No. 17), entitled "An Act to Make Provision for Regulating and Controlling the Introduction and Treatment of Labourers from the Pacific Islands," was in force, its enactment having superseded the "Polynesian Labourers' Act" of 1868. It was in November, 1885, that an Act was passed by the Queensland Legislature limiting the period permitting the importa-

* "Kanaka" is the generic colloquial term for the Pacific Islander.

tion into the colony of Polynesian labourers to December 31st, 1890. This Act did not affect labourers fulfilling current engagements, and it permitted re-engagements on the part of labourers whose engagements terminated within the period limited by the Act, at the close of which re-engagements they should be returned to their islands. Time-expired Islanders, who had not re-engaged and who were, so to speak, men "at large," were allowed by the Act to remain, if they had been in the colony for five years continuously prior to September 1st, 1884. At the present time, then, there still remain in Queensland: 1st. The Islanders recruited (for a term of three years) before December 31st, 1890; 2nd. Those who before that date had re-engaged for the same term; and, 3rd. The time-expired residents of five years' standing, reckoning from September 1st, 1884. It was stated by the Colonial Secretary in the House of Commons the other day that there are now in Queensland between 9,000 and 10,000 Polynesian Islanders. Tidings have now come from that colony by telegraph that its Parliament has passed an Act for the renewal of the importation into the sugar districts of Polynesian labourers. As I write the new Act has not yet had time to reach the Queensland Agent-General in London, nor are its terms specifically known to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Before the measure becomes law in the colony it, of course, has to receive the Royal assent. That was given without hesitation to the Act of 1880, which, although it had all the appearance of being ironclad against the possibility of abuses, nevertheless, as I shall presently show, left loopholes for their occurrence. It may safely be presumed that, warned by experience, the Colonial Legislature, whose anxiety to do away with the possibility of abuses cannot be questioned, has so framed the new Act as effectually to close the door against them for the future.

The following is the sketch to which I have referred above of the Polynesian as I found him on the Queensland sugar plantations in 1883.

The Polynesian seems to me by nature a cheerful, bright sort of fellow. If he is not so in his island home he soon takes on this complexion when he comes to Queensland. When you look at him he grins responsively; when you speak to him he smiles all over his head. He is a likeable fellow, and has an instinctive politeness and cordiality. He will run of his own accord to open a gate for you, or to hold your horse. He seems, and is spoken of, as a willing workman; he does his work with a light heart, and takes a manifest interest in it. His employers unanimously accord him a good name. He gives little trouble, they

say; he needs no assiduous watching to keep him from idling, nor stimulating to keep him lively in his task. He is an independent fellow in his way—he is a man, and he will have his rights like a man; but let him have them, treat him frankly and fairly, and there is nothing about him of what the Americans expressively call "cussedness." There is a good deal in him of the feudal instinct. He becomes exceedingly attached to his master, if the latter is a considerate master, with a kind word for his henchman and a genuine solicitude for his welfare. After he has gone home from a "time-expired" engagement he very often returns to another on the same plantation; and when Polynesian friends meet on the quiet idle Sundays, I am told that their gossip is mostly about the relative merits of their respective plantations, and that great is the vaunting of the fellows hailing from those which have an established reputation for exceptionally good treatment. But it is not easy to see how there can be anywhere anything approaching to bad treatment. The Kanaka knows his rights to a tittle. The islands swarm with men who have returned from their three-years' engagements. No labour ship arrives in a Queensland port among whose passengers are not some boys going back to serve a second or subsequent engagement. These men, who pride themselves on their advancement in civilisation, take pains to inform the greenhorns of all the details of the life on the plantation. Everyday experience proves that the Polynesian labourer is not the man to hesitate about complaining to the official "protector," or "inspector," as he is called indifferently, if he considers himself wronged.

Putting on one side every other check against ill-treatment, the *force majeure* of self-interest must be paramount with the employer against doing despite to his coloured labourer. The Kanaka has cost the employer £22 10s. to bring him from his island to the plantation, and his term of engagement is only for three years; if he is ill, he causes expense to the planter in sick expenses and medical attendance, and his wages run on just the same as if he were well and at work. He is too expensive and indispensable a commodity to be trashed away by any ill-usage or neglect. But, as experience has elsewhere shown, there are men so constituted as to be guilty of this kind of false economy if left to their own devices; and so the Queensland law steps in with the most detailed and stringent enactments for the Polynesian labourer's welfare, and has established independent local functionaries to see to it zealously that those enactments are fulfilled. The Polynesian in Queensland fares

infinitely better than does the farm labourer in England. The following are the former's rations and allowances, secured to him by Act of Parliament, altogether apart from his money wage: Per diem, 1½lb. bread or flour, 1lb. beef or mutton, 5oz. sugar, ½oz. tea, 3lb. potatoes; per week, 1½oz. tobacco, 2oz. salt, 4oz. soap. Compare this plenteousness with the oatmeal diet of the Scottish farm labourer, Pat's *toujours* potatoes, honest Giles' scrap of rusty bacon or hunk of lean cheese! Contrast it with the stern exiguity of the British soldier's Government ration—his ¾lb. meat (*with* bone) and 1lb. bread! Why, Tommy Atkins might be thankful for the Kanaka's surplus rations after he had eaten and was filled, if the latter's occasional fare in his original savagery had not given him what the Irish call a "strong" appetite.

Our Polynesian friend, accustomed at home to dress in the fashion set by our first parents before the Fall, finds himself in Queensland the possessor of an adequate wardrobe, supplied and maintained by his employer in accordance with the contract entered into between them as prescribed by the Act, and as witnessed by the Immigration Agent or inspector. His clothing allowance is as follows: Per annum, four shirts (flannel), three pairs trousers (moleskin or serge), one hat, one pair of blankets. The labourer is comfortably housed; his food is cooked for him; he has what firewood he needs; when sick he has attendance, and a doctor, whom the planter pays, visits him. Should he die, his employer has to pay his wages up to the day of his death into the hands of the Government inspector. His wages, which are £6 per annum, are paid every six months in presence of an inspector or police magistrate, and neither any payment nor any deduction is recognised except when so made. The inspector claims payment of overdue wages; if they remain unpaid fourteen days after demand he, under the Act, sues and recovers them on behalf of the labourer. When the latter's engagement expires, his employer must pay for his return to his native island; should the labourer not then desire to return the employer has to pay £5 to the Immigration Agent to defray the cost of the return passage of the coloured gentleman when that personage, having exhausted the joys of Queensland, may sigh for the less sophisticated society of the Solomons. The Government inspector is *in loco parentis* to the Polynesian. The Maryborough functionary, a most worthy and zealous man, showed me a pile of savings bank-books a foot and a half high belonging to boys in his district. The sums banked by him on their behalf ranged from £1 to £18, the latter amount

representing every penny of wages paid during a three years' engagement. The Kanakas are a thrifty race. A beneficent law averts from them the curse of alcohol. The publican detected in selling liquor to them forfeits his licence, and the house in which the offence was committed is summarily and permanently cut off from the list of taverns; on the action of the official three public-houses in Maryborough were disfranchised in as many months. The boys save their money because they seem to have neither temptation nor anxiety to spend it. With the trifle they do not bank they buy a little powder and shot and some trifling presents to friends, which they send home in a box by a time-expired comrade who is returning to their island. When they go home, it seems that they never take money with them. They invest their savings in the contents of a box such as the inspector showed me, which had belonged to a time-expired man who died just when ready for the homeward voyage—presents for friends, calicoes, powder and shot, a gun for his brother, another for himself, and so on.

The inspector's duty is to use every effort (by keeping his ears open for reports, by listening to complaints from the plantation hands, and by frequent personal journeys among the plantations) to put in force in its minutest detail an Act the sections of which concerned with intra-colonial administration seem to me to leave no loophole for abuse. He is authorised to employ a lawyer to prosecute for offences against Polynesians, and to defend them in cases where there is a doubt of their being in the wrong. He can bring to bear a great leverage of influence in cases which he may not think strong enough to bring into court. Within the twelvemonth the Maryborough official had procured the discharge of three overseers who he had convinced himself were guilty of petty tyranny. This the boys revolt against with the utmost promptitude. They will not be driven. A chance blow struck by an overseer brings an immediate complaint to the "protector." In the eye of the law white man and Kanaka are equal. The overseer striking a Kanaka is as liable to be tried for assault as if he had struck a white man. One can readily perceive the tone and spirit of good-humoured independence among the hands. They have the port of manhood; they look you square in the face; they have the air of men "wha'll tak' dunts frae naebody"—and they don't, except occasionally from one another. Their hours of labour are the same as those of white men. They work eight hours in winter, nine in summer. In winter they do not go into the fields until the sun is well up. Most planters will not allow their hands

to begin work while the dew is lying. During non-working hours they are free to do as they list, go where they please. They have the Saturday half-holiday, when they delight to stroll about hand in hand. Sunday is their day for paying social visits, doing a little sporting on the way. The Polynesian gentleman starts with bow and arrow in hand to make a call on a friend of his own island on some neighbouring plantation, and enlivens the journey by letting fly, with no particular effect, at such birds as he can stalk up to. The country roads and bush tracks are alive all Sunday with groups of cheery Kanakas having a good time after their own fashion. On the whole I do not believe that any servants can be better cared for by their masters, and more sedulously and stringently protected and fostered by legislation and its enforcement, than are the Polynesian Islanders at work on the sugar plantations of Queensland.

Ten years ago in Queensland the "coloured labour" question was the burning one in every constituency. A couple of years later, the opposition of the white working man, who was also a voter, conquered; a law was passed limiting the importation of Polynesian labour, and a great cloud fell on the prosperity of the sugar culture. Australia is "a white man's continent." The Polynesian employed in that industry was the sole exception to that axiom—the Chinaman is a mere casual accident. And on what principle was it that exception was made in favour of the Polynesian? First, because the work of "tropical or semi-tropical agriculture" to which the law specifically restricted him, was a kind of labour which the white man could not perform; and secondly, because if the white labourer could endure it, his costliness would prevent the sugar industry from holding its own in competition with regions utilising coloured labour. Sugar culture was the unique industry of Australia presenting those conditions; hence the exceptional indulgence temporarily accorded to it, and as it seems, after an interval of boycott, to be now again accorded. The boycott enforced by the white labour vote, had the law been strictly adhered to, would have been wanton and shortsighted malevolence. So long as that was done, coloured labour on the sugar plantations took the bread out of no white man's mouth; on the contrary, even as matters are, it makes bread for many hundred white men. The Mackay district during the years 1882-3 absorbed 1,500 white immigrants, twenty of whom would have sufficed but that coloured labour made sugar-growing possible. Maryborough rang with

the clang of hammers wielded by white engineers making the sugar-mill machinery which coloured labour had called into requisition.

But the white person, according to his lights, had some reason for enforcing by his vote the boycott of the coloured person when the latter, unrestricted to his own legally specified employment in "tropical or semi-tropical agriculture," was made to trench on the other's field. There was no planter's house in the Mackay country of which the domestic servants were not Polynesians. When in the house of the member for the district, I found a Polynesian girl making my bed, I could devise no chain of sophistical reasoning which would bring this operation within the sphere of "tropical or semi-tropical agriculture." On the Homewood plantation I saw white men and Kanakas toiling and working together in the rapid construction of a colossal sugar-mill. Everywhere I saw the black men employed as carters, not only of cane but of firewood, acting as grooms, and occasionally engaged in handicrafts, such as blacksmith's work. It was clear that the utilisation of the Polynesian in those extraneous services was an abuse of the law, an infringement on the white man's field of industry, and an unfairness to other industries which were restricted to the employment of white labour. A sugar planter argued that he thus utilised coloured labour because it was cheap, because it could be relied on, because it averted from him the risk of being left in the lurch at a critical moment by a strike of the pestilent white man. The reply was conclusive. Coloured labour so used was a specific violation of the law. The plea of cheapness did not justify lawbreaking; nor, since he owned that his net profits averaged 20 per cent., was he entitled to an appeal *ad misericordiam* for exemption from paying white men white men's wages for white men's work. As regarded the danger of a strike, why should he, in virtue of illegal processes, gain immunity from that contingency? A strike might bring disaster on the contractor, or half ruin the squatter in the middle of his shearing; but they had alike to meet the trouble, and wrestle out the difficulty with their white employés. It was one thing to be privileged for a specific reason; quite another to abuse the privilege by going outside the specificality.

But it was not in an excess of his privilege on the part of the sugar planter that the white heir of Australian labour recognised his only grievance, nor wholly because thereof that he asserted his sense of wrong done him by the process of depriving the planter of his privilege bodily at the polling booth. When the Polynesian's three years' term of

engagement ended, if he did not elect to go back to his island, he became a man "at large." It was a "free country" for him in every respect except that he could not hold land. A Kanaka in this position of independence, with the unfettered range of the labour market and to whom 10s. a week was affluence, was regarded by the horny-handed Queenslander as simply the thief of the birthright of a white man. If the intention of the law had been to endow the time-expired Polynesian with the privilege of being the chartered libertine of the sugar district labour market, why should it have laid the injunction on the planter to restrict to "tropical or semi-tropical agriculture" the islander he had imported on engagement?

If renewed and permanent prosperity is to smile on the Queensland sugar-growing industry by means of the full utilisation of Polynesian labour, the Legislature of the colony must make provision for a *modus vivendi* between the white man and the coloured man, the conditions of which would suffice to deter the former from wrecking the new Act by his vote. If it is to last and escape that fate, the measure passed the other day in the Parliament House of Brisbane must contain stringent enactments which must be stringently enforced. The fulfilment of the planters' pledge to employ Polynesian labour only in "tropical or semi-tropical agriculture" must be rigidly enforced under penalties for infringement. Resolute officials must be held to the duty of seeing to it that there shall be no more bed-making, table-waiting, boot-cleaning, grooming, carriage-driving, &c., done on the plantations by Polynesians, who should be restricted to "tropical or semi-tropical agriculture." The time-expired Polynesian must be utterly abolished. He need not be summarily bundled off to his island on the expiry of his engagement. But his alternative to this deportation must be that, as soon as his term shall have expired, he must enter on another. He may thus remain indefinitely, and his stay will be at once a not unfair economy to the planter and a benefit to himself; but at the end of each engagement he must "take on again," to use the old soldier's phrase. He must be constantly "under engagement" in the avocation that alone gives him a *locus standi* on Queensland soil. In this there is no flavour of slavery; he may be free to let himself out to the highest bidder among the planters. This is just in effect what the Scottish farm labourer does in the "feeing market," or the sailor who lives his nautical life "under articles." If the Kanaka revolted against entering on a fresh engagement when the old one was out, the road home to his island would be open to him.

I have never had the opportunity to go "blackbirding" myself, and therefore cannot give evidence at first hand as to the truth or reverse of the kidnapping, treachery, and other malpractices charged against the ships engaged in recruiting labourers for the Queensland sugar plantations in the islands of the South Pacific. But I took great pains in gathering and sifting the first-hand evidence on the subject, of which there was plenty within my reach. The Queensland Act of 1880 made stringent provisions against abuses. It granted licences to introduce Polynesian labourers only to persons engaged in tropical or semi-tropical agriculture—in other words, to sugar planters—and to that field of industry it restricted the labourers imported. The applicant had to enter into a bond along with two approved sureties to pay £5 for the return passage of every islander introduced, and had also to pay to the Immigration Agent 30s. per head to defray the expenses in supervising the introduction of the Islanders, the number of whom proposed to be introduced and the estate on which they were to be employed it was requisite to specify. The master of the labour vessel had to obtain a licence for the voyage, specifying the number of passengers permitted, and come under a bond for £500 with two approved sureties, and another bond of the same amount to provide for the return of said passengers to their native islands. Precise details as to space per passenger on a liberal scale, and an adequate supply of medicines, medical comforts, and instruments for the voyage, water, provisions, tobacco, and clothes were laid down. The ship had to provide suitable accommodation for the Government Agent who made the voyage in her, concerning which functionary the Act enjoined that "the master should not obstruct or attempt to obstruct the Government Agent in the discharge of his duty, and shall not bring on board, or allow to be brought on board, or remove, or allow to be removed from the ship, any passenger without the consent of the Government Agent."

Neither the Act itself, however, nor the schedules attached to it contained any instructions defining and regulating the powers and duties of this representative of Government. This seemed strange, for it could not be but that, to assure his efficiency, to strengthen his hands in interposition, to give to his position the requisite dominance, detailed orders and instructions had been laid down for this most important official, to cover and guide him in every contingency. Yet where were those orders to be found? It is incredible, but nevertheless it was true, that they did not exist—had never been prepared. A Legislature had taken the

trouble to frame and pass an Act of the minutest stringency, the effect of which was blunted at the most important point of it by an inexplicable omission to define the duties of the functionary in whom was vested the protection of the good name of the colony! Unpossessed of and untrammelled by orders, the Government Agent voyaged forth in utter irresponsibility, in utter ignorance of his powers—if, indeed, he had any—and of his duties, further than the requirement specified in the Act that he had to sign a certificate that all the recruits had engaged themselves voluntarily and with full knowledge of the conditions of their engagements, and that none of them were bodily afflicted. It is not too much to say that this omission virtually offered a premium on abuses.

Mr. George Ernest Morrison, a young Australian gentleman whom I personally knew and whose veracity was unimpeachable, had made several voyages among the Islands in labour vessels, and when I was in Queensland he published his experiences. He wrote with an evident animus, but his actual charges did not seem so very heinous. "I am convinced," he wrote, "that, as a rule, the captains do not encourage kidnapping unless under very exceptional circumstances." On every island, according to him, there are "cunning native beach-combers," who contract to "sneak off" a certain number of boys for a consideration. The boys are induced by specious representations to be ready to embark at a given time and place. There may be a race between the boat from the ship and a bevy of friends of the boys opposed to their going and trying to intercept them. The boys beckon ashore the boat, get into it, and reach the ship. To quote Mr. Morrison, "they have not been kidnapped, they have come of their own free will, deceived by the lies the beach-comber has been bribed to tell them." And whereas before enrolment the recruit must have had explained to him the "full meaning and effect" of the engagement he is about to enter into, Mr. Morrison says that the interpreter employed is the very beach-comber who decoyed them, and who reiterates the lies by which he did so; adding, "They have come willingly, but they have no idea in the world what they may be coming to." There is a good deal much to the same effect in the evidence about enlistment taken by the recent Wantage Committee, but I have noticed no impassioned ebullition of commiseration for our home recruit, who in every essential of condition may well envy the Kanaka on a Queensland plantation.

I took Mr. Morrison's article to an old merchant, who told me, in his own words, that he knew the Islands much better than he did his Bible.

"It is nonsense," said he, "to talk about boys being misled by beach-combers. The conditions of life on the Queensland sugar plantations are as well known in the Islands as in Mackay. They are full of fellows who have had the experience of one or more engagements, can tell a boy all he wants to know, and can shut up a beach-comber when he begins to lie. The Islanders know the ships, know their ports, know the plantations, know the districts. They discuss among themselves the climate, the 'tucker,' and the treatment. A bad plantation gets no recruits—it is boycotted. For instance, there is a naggy inspector in the —— district, and the boys stipulate against going there."

A Commission appointed by the Queensland Government in 1884 to investigate the subject reported adversely on the methods of recruiting resorted to. On the eight voyages investigated the Commission reported as follows: "Some (labourers) forcibly kidnapped. All allured on board under false pretences. Not lawfully recruited. Decoyed on board under false pretences. Enticed on board under false pretences. System of deliberate fraud practised in engaging recruits. None of the labourers agreed, when recruited, to serve and remain in Queensland for three years. All seduced on board under false pretences." The Commission pronounced the weak point of the recruiting machinery to be the "utter inefficiency or incapacity of the Government Agents." "Had they been men of character, courage, and firmness of purpose, illegal recruiting, kidnapping, and wilful imposition on the Islanders would have been hardly possible."

It may be accepted that private enterprise cannot be relied on to systematise the honest recruitment of Polynesian labourers. The enterprise, for many reasons, is one that should be undertaken by the Government. So would the arrows of aspersion be blunted, so would abuses be stamped out. With official headquarters in a central island, Government schooners plying among the islands and statedly returning to the general rendezvous, and a Government steamer plying between that depôt and the colony, the recruiting machinery would be adequate and unimpeachable. Such an establishment would cost the Colonial Exchequer nothing, maintained as it would be by the increased capitation fee which the planters would gladly pay.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR OF 1870.

AT this momentous epoch in the history of France M. Cochery, who under the Republic was for so long a fixture at the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs, had just been returned in the Loiret.

Young, still unknown, but in a hurry to win notoriety, he hovered on the border-line of the Left and the Left-Centre, prepared to throw in his lot with whichever of the two sections prevailed. Cautious, and at the same time ambitious, he modelled his eloquence upon an old Parliamentary hand; M. Thiers was his Egeria. Directly notice of the interpellation on the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern to the throne of Spain was set down it was attributed to the initiative of M. Thiers. Two reasons gave great probability to this report. M. Cochery was, if not the secretary, at least the henchman of the old gladiator; the latter was no longer anxious to smooth the road for the Ministers of January 2nd. There is no doubt that he had viewed their future with a favourable eye; to protect and encourage them he had spoken these words of proud and paternal solicitude: "My opinions are now in complete accord with those of Ministers." But the latter had become too independent to consult him any longer; without him, or rather in spite of him, they had submitted the new constitution to the popular vote of May 8th, 1870. Speaking of this solemn verdict in a group of deputies, M. Thiers said in my presence, with his mocking smile, "Let us leave the *plébiscite* to blow over"; and his attitude, like his words, indicated that he would soon be in opposition to the Cabinet. At the same period, confiding his troubles to the Duchesse de Mouchy, he professed to be concerned at the inexperience of the men to whom the Emperor had entrusted the launching of the new *régime*. Whatever was the fact about the tactics of M. Thiers, the interpellation which he

had probably inspired, and of which he approved, was a stern fact, and a fact of a sufficiently definite nature to alarm us.

After the triumph of Sadowa, Prussia was not content to realise for her own benefit the unity of Germany: profiting by the Spanish Revolution of 1868, she cherished the dream of placing a prince of her Royal house close to our southern frontier. With this aim she had already, in 1869, winked at negotiations with General Prim, but at that juncture the German candidature had been checkmated, thanks to the efforts of our diplomacy.

In 1869 the candidature had been considered a menace to our safety. The new state of affairs in 1870 made it more than a peril—it was a provocation. The French Government had at once opened negotiations, on the ground that a settlement already arrived at could not be rescinded, and they had no choice but to ask of the Chamber the adjournment of all discussion. Such was the statement of the Duc de Gramont, Minister of Foreign Affairs, at the sitting of July 6th. The impression of everyone versed in diplomatic usage was that the Minister had spoken too freely in dwelling on the wisdom of Germany and the friendship of Spain. His language touched the patriotic chord, but it was marked by an arrogance that was not calculated to promote negotiation: the Minister had sought, above all things, to flatter the national self-esteem and to turn to account the effervescence of public opinion. M. Ernest Picard asked that the diplomatic documents should be laid on the table. The Minister of the Interior refused, in the name of the Duc de Gramont. At last M. Emile Olivier, President of the Council, had to intervene to obtain an adjournment and the resumption of the debate on the Budget.

Our Ambassador, Count Benedetti, armed with instructions from the Duc de Gramont, saw the King of Prussia at Ems on July 9th. The King replied to his representations that while he had put no pressure on Prince Leopold to accept the overtures of the Spanish Cabinet, he was determined not to forbid him. He acted not as a sovereign, but as head of the family. He left Prince Leopold freedom of action, and if, in face of the agitation produced in Spain, the candidature was withdrawn, he would approve the decision instead of resisting it, but he would do nothing more, and refused as steadfastly to advise withdrawal as to enforce it.

This language in reality amounted to a declaration of inactivity at once unacceptable and hurtful to our dignity.

Prince Leopold, as a Hohenzollern, was subject to the inexorable laws which govern reigning houses. To marry he must have asked the *authority* of his King as well as the consent of his father; still less could he dispense with it to accept a crown. This prerogative, recognised from time immemorial for the purpose of maintaining friendly international relations, had been constantly exercised by the reigning house. It had been applied when Prince Charles of Hohenzollern accepted the crown of Roumania, and it had been invoked in 1869 when the question arose for the first time of setting Leopold, the brother of the King of Roumania, on the throne of Spain.

These Royal obligations are in some sort a European right. No diplomat ever thought of contesting them when the throne of Belgium was offered to the Duc de Nemours in 1831, or the throne of Greece to Prince Alfred of England and the Duc de Leuchtenberg, a Russian prince, in 1862. After the events which followed the Italian war, Napoleon III. himself opposed, as sovereign, the candidature of a prince of the house of Murat to the throne of Naples.

In the course of the negotiations which followed thick on the ill-omened determination of the King, encouraged by M. de Bismarck, M. Olozaga, the representative of the Spanish Government at Paris, whose French sympathies were known, sent M. de Stratt on a mission to Prince Antoine of Hohenzollern, father of Prince Leopold. His envoy succeeded, and on the 10th of July M. Olozaga received from Sigmaringen the following telegram:—

"In view of the complications which may result from the candidature of my son Leopold for the throne of Spain, and the painful position in which the latest events have placed the Spanish people, by creating a dilemma in which the consciousness of its independence is its only guide, convinced that in such circumstances its vote could not have the sincerity and spontaneity on which my son counted when he accepted the candidature, I withdraw it in his name."

A like telegram was sent simultaneously to the Prime Minister of the Spanish Regent at Madrid. Although the renunciation was made by the father in the name of the son, and did not come from the candidate himself, this was a success for our diplomacy, and the Minister, contenting himself with this, came out of the negotiations with honour. Such was the feeling of the Emperor on the morning of July 12th, when he left St. Cloud and went to the Tuileries to preside over the Council of Ministers. On the road his Majesty told General Bourbaki, his aide-de-camp of the day, that he could stop his preparations for departure

to superintend the purchase of horses, as an important communication, which had arrived the evening before, had made peace secure. At the Council the renunciation was accepted by the majority of the Ministers as likely to terminate the debate, and the Duc de Gramont calculated on announcing it to the Chamber at the next day's sitting.

Without doubt, if the secret had been kept up to the moment when the Minister mounted the tribune, this first diplomatic victory would have produced considerable effect. The majority of the members would have applauded a solution which was a substantial satisfaction, and which discharged them from a heavy responsibility. The serious incident which sprang from Cochery's interpellation would have been closed once for all. But the desire to make public this unforeseen triumph, and the exaggerated respect which was paid to the opinion of certain deputies, was destined to bring about a fatal indiscretion.

Without the consent of the Duc de Gramont, who displayed that evening to the Keeper of the Seal very acute annoyance, the despatch was shown to those members of Parliament whom it was deemed desirable to sound, or whose acquiescence it was necessary to obtain. The Prime Minister was for some days attacked with questions, in the Chancellery and in the lobbies of the Chamber. On July 12th he anticipated those who questioned him, and revealed both the resolution of the Council and the communication which had prompted it. The Press obtained the information at the same time as the deputies.

In a country like ours, questions which touch the national honour nearly or remotely are always discussed passionately, and those who defend it with the greatest warmth always have the ear of the people. Sarcasm was bestowed with no niggard hand on the Minister who contented himself with a renunciation from the Prince who was most irreverently dubbed "Father Antoine." In the gossip of the Conference Hall the Government was voted childlike and bland; in the evening papers it was attacked in no measured terms. The Minister bore up for some hours against this unlooked-for storm. He even tried to stem the tide of opinion by having the following notice inserted in *Le Constitutionnel*, the official journal:—

"The Hohenzollern Prince will not reign over Spain. We ask no more, and we hail with pride this peaceful solution. A great victory which has cost no tear, no drop of blood."

The *Constitutionnel* was the butt of innumerable gibes; deputies and journalists never wearied of harping on the innocence of a Government

which was content with such a renunciation. I heard language in the Conference Hall, in the Tribune, and in the corridors of the Chamber, of which the following article, culled from a Boulevard rag, is but a pale reflection:—

"The Emperor Napoleon will not declare war of his own initiative; we have forced his hand—we make no secret of it. The decision for war which we are about to take does not spring from the Government; the Government was irresolute. It was willing, in the person of some of its heads at least, to allow itself to be put off with illusive concessions. This decision comes from the heart of the country."

The vast majority of the Press repeated that peace would be essentially illusive, shameful, sinister, ridiculous. At the opera in the evening Emile de Girardin, whose head was completely turned, amid the plaudits of the mob loudly demanded the "Marseillaise" and Alfred de Musset's "Le Rhin."

The letters which the deputies received from their constituents evidenced like effervescence in the great centres of population, and complete calm in the country districts. Once more Paris was to give the law to the provinces. Much moved by this increasing excitement which spread hour by hour in the capital, the President of the Council requested the Emperor to hold a fresh meeting of Ministers. It was held at St. Cloud in the evening of July 12th. In 1868 the Privy Council had been convoked, together with the ordinary advisers of the Crown, to consider whether the proposed new Press law should be proceeded with after the speech of M. Granier de Cassagnac, and in face of the reluctance of Parliament. In 1870, on the far graver question of the renunciation of Prince Antoine, the Minister dared not call to his aid the Privy Council, from which he might have obtained support in adhering to his original resolution. No doubt he thought that the summoning of the dignitaries of whom it was composed would not agree with the ideas of the new *régime*, and might offend the Chamber, who would only tolerate the responsible Ministers before it. After a long and lively discussion at this last Council at St. Cloud, the majority went back on the vote of the morning; it was decided that the Comte Benedetti, our Ambassador at Berlin, should ask the King of Prussia to undertake once for all to forbid Prince Leopold to accept the candidature for the throne of Spain. The Duc de Gramont's telegram sent during the night ran:—

"Say explicitly that we have no ulterior motive, that we do not seek a pretext for war, and that we only seek an honourable road out of a difficulty which is not of our own making."

For three reasons it was fair to press this point anew. Prince Leopold, the candidate for the throne of Spain, had not himself renounced his claim. This Hohenzollern candidature was brought forward for a second time after a year's interval. Lastly, everything pointed to the fact that Prussia had herself instigated it, although she kept in the background: the *Augsbourg Gazette*, in an article published on July 9th, 1870, openly avowed it; it said in so many words:—

"A circumstance which goes far to confirm the widespread opinion that the candidature of the Hohenzollern Prince has not been put forward without the assistance of the statesman who directs our affairs is to be found in the exceptionally extraordinary warmth with which our inspired Press defends the right of the Spanish nation to make its own choice."

On the morning of July 13th M. Benedetti saw the King at the mineral springs:—

"I asked his Majesty," said his despatch to the Duc de Gramont, "to intimate to you that, if the question arose, he would forbid the Prince to pose again as candidate. The King absolutely refused to consent, and I was only too thoroughly convinced that I should not succeed in modifying the intentions of his Majesty, who abruptly put an end to our interview on the public promenade."

The same evening M. Benedetti, urged by the Duc de Gramont, demanded a fresh audience, which was refused to him. He telegraphed to the Minister of Foreign Affairs:—

"To a demand for a fresh audience the King sent me the reply that he could not consent to reopen the discussion relative to the assurances for the future which we contend ought to be given us. His Majesty gave me to understand that on this point he takes his stand on the arguments which he advanced to me this morning, with the substance of which I made you acquainted in my first telegram of to-day."

On July 14th M. Benedetti, who was not received again by the King, made a new attempt at negotiation with the Prussian Minister of the Interior. He recounts it in these terms to M. de Gramont:—

"I took the opportunity of an interview which I had with the Minister of the Interior this morning to put clearly before him, in the light of your last declaration, how we understood the guarantee which we demand from the King, and the different forms in which it might be given. The Minister expressed his intention of submitting my remarks to his Majesty, and also promised to see me again. He has just told me definitely, however, that he has nothing to communicate to me."

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The Duc de Gramont sent yet another and final despatch to M. Benedetti, couched in these terms :—

"Make a last effort with the King. Tell him that we are resolute in demanding that he should forbid the Prince of Hohenzollern to go back on his renunciation. Let him say to us, 'I will forbid him,' and let him authorise you to write me word, or charge his Minister or ambassador to signify it to me ; that will satisfy us. If the King has no ulterior motive it is a secondary consideration to him, but to us it is important. The bare word of the King will constitute a sufficient guarantee for the future. I have reason to believe that the other Cabinets will consider us reasonable and moderate. When you receive from the King the news of the renunciation of the Prince of Hohenzollern, you might perhaps say to him, 'Sire, your Majesty stands as guarantee for the word of the Prince of Hohenzollern, for you cannot ignore the fact that as a Power we have no relations with the Prince, and that consequently, in the eyes of the country, our effective shelter is the word of the King.'"

The moderation of this language might have moved the King, and determined him to speak the word or sentence which the French Minister desired, so that he might announce it to Parliament. M. de Bismarck had a violent objection to the renunciation of Prince Antoine; it disarranged his plans, and a word more from the King might scatter them to the winds. With singular audacity he cut short the negotiations, and on July 14th had the following telegram despatched to all the Prussian agents abroad :—

"After the news of the Prince of Hohenzollern's renunciation had been officially communicated to the French Imperial Government by the Spanish Government, the French Ambassador at Ems demanded once more that his Majesty the King should undertake for all time to come that he would never again give his consent if the Hohenzollerns should prefer their claim. Thereupon his Majesty the King refused again to receive the French Ambassador, and intimated to him by the Minister in attendance that his Majesty had nothing further to communicate to the Ambassador."

Such a telegram was almost equivalent to a breaking off of diplomatic relations, and its author must have deliberately calculated on the sensation it would produce in France, judging by the way he opposed all renewal of negotiations which might minimise its effect.

At the official request of the French Government, the Queen of England had tendered her good offices in the interest of a peaceful solution. Her Ambassador had expressed the opinion that the King of Prussia, having consented to the acceptance by Prince Leopold, might with perfect dignity signify to the French Government his consent to the withdrawal

of that acceptance. Count Bismarck immediately crushed this overture, and we read in the despatch which Lord Granville, the English Foreign Minister, sent on July 15th to Lord Augustus Loftus, his Ambassador at Berlin, the following significant passage :—

"Count Bernstoff came to see me this morning, and informed me that he had received a telegram from Count Bismarck in which he expressed his regret that the Government of the Queen had made a proposal which it would be impossible for him to recommend for the acceptance of his Majesty."

While Count Bismarck thus paralysed all the efforts of our diplomacy, the legislative body met on July 13th. The Duc de Gramont announced the renunciation of his candidature by Prince Leopold, adding that the negotiations in progress with Prussia were not yet terminated. Two notices of interpellation were then put down—the one by M. Jerome David, who stigmatised in terms offensive to the Minister the dilatoriness of the negotiations; the other by M. Clément Duvernois and the Comte de Leusse, couched in more proper terms, but pressing for the guarantees which the Ministers proposed to demand to avoid a recurrence of the difficulty with Prussia. The authors of the last amendment made no attempt to conceal from their colleagues that in their opinion it was necessary to demand and obtain disarmament from Prussia. Clément Duvernois said so explicitly in my presence. Such a demand was beyond our rights; it would have been instantly rejected as insulting. This was distinctly enough anticipated; it should have been felt to be a certainty; but there was an object in view—to attack the Minister in his last line of defence, and inflict on him a defeat or force him to resign.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs declared, with perfect justice that, as negotiations were going on, he was precluded from speaking, and that consequently he could not that day put before the Chamber and the country a public statement of the affair.

The discussion of the two interpellations was then postponed to the sitting of July 15th.

On July 15th the Minister took his supreme resolve. The second demand made to Prussia had failed, and he could no longer be satisfied with the first renunciation without going back on his words, without humiliation before a Chamber which would accuse him of a strange shiftiness. The President of the Council therefore made at the commencement of the sitting a solemn statement in which he announced that the reserves were called out, and demanded the necessary credits for the grave emergencies which were at hand. Urgency

was voted for the Government proposals by an immense majority without a division.

M. Thiers spoke several times, and maintained that if we had war it would be through the fault of the Cabinet, which had obtained substantial satisfaction, and had shown itself susceptible on a matter of form. MM. Jules Favre and Gambetta successively demanded that the official documents should be communicated. The President of the Council declared that all means of conciliation had been tried, and read the telegrams which recounted the despatch of July 11th from M. de Bismarck to all the Chancelleries in Europe.

The Diplomatic Gallery was crowded; the others were thronged with a hot-headed, passionate mob itching already to interfere in our debate. The most common prudence dictated that the documents on which the Government relied, and the communication of which the Opposition incessantly demanded, should be studied attentively before being discussed in the presence of an excited audience. If the debate was continued on documents which had not yet been seen, mistake was easy; and in a matter in which the susceptible honour of two great nations was involved, the least imprudence in the Tribune might prove altogether irremediable. So, fortifying myself with Article 50 of the rules of the Chamber, which prescribes that after urgency has been voted the Bureaux should meet immediately to appoint a Committee, I urged strongly that the public discussion should not be continued until the Bureaux and the Committee had heard the Ministers, taken cognisance of the documents, and drawn up their report.

In an English Parliament composed of practical men careful to avoid illusion, and thinking less of pandering to than of enlightening public opinion, the public discussion would have been adjourned; it would not even have begun before this momentous examination had taken place. I asked leave to bring the rule under notice. I obtained it at last, and developed my argument amid numerous interruptions. I said in short, "Let us not speak at this juncture on documents which we do not know or with which we have but slight acquaintance. When the Bureaux, and after them the Committee, have read the despatches and heard the Ministers, the debate may be usefully and fruitfully reopened; we shall decide then at a public sitting and with full knowledge of the subject." In spite of my remarks the public debate continued. Speeches were delivered by the Comte de Keratry, who considered the despatch of Count Bismarck an outrage, and M. Jules Favre, who desired the

immediate communication of the text of that and the other diplomatic documents. Voting openly, the Chamber rejected the proposal of M. Jules Favre, which only attracted sixty-five votes. The meeting of the Bureaux took place at last, and a Committee of nine members was appointed to consider the proposals and to hear the Government.

The Committee received the explanations of the Ministers, and read the despatches which had given rise to the public debate ; it appointed the Marquis de Talhouet reporter. At a night sitting which began at half-past nine in the evening, the reporter read the conclusions of the Committee from the Tribune. The Committee pronounced the demand of the Government, that the King of Prussia should undertake not to sanction anew the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern, justifiable. It considered the despatch of Count Bismarck, which announced officially to the Cabinets of Europe that his Majesty the King of Prussia had refused to receive the Ambassador of France again, and that he had caused an aide-de-camp to intimate to him that he had no further communication to make, an insult to the nation. The Committee consequently recommended the adoption of the Government proposals. The first proposal demanded a supplementary credit of fifty millions for the Minister of War ; the second, another credit of sixteen millions for the Minister of Marine ; the third called out the Garde Mobile ; the fourth authorised the voluntary enlistments, customary in time of war, to last during the continuance of the war itself. The first proposal was carried by two hundred and forty-five votes against ten, the second by two hundred and forty-five against one, the other two by two hundred and forty-three against one.

In reality the Left, with the Centre and the Right, had supported the four proposals which armed the Government for the struggle. The Minister, covered by the sanction of Parliament, could hasten his preparations and multiply his means of defence or attack. He determined to take a step onwards which was neither inspired nor advised by the votes of the Chamber. Always anxious to forestall public opinion, which he only consulted in the effervescent whirl of the great city, he took the tremendous responsibility on himself of declaring war on July 22nd, at the very time that the Chambers adjourned. The deputies who were separating, reading the declaration of war in the *Journal Officiel*, recognised the gravity of the situation ; and since, in such a case, the question of responsibility is necessarily uppermost, I issued to my constituents,

who were already concerned at the turn of events, the following retrospective criticism, which I lay before my readers.

The legislative body which preceded ours had committed a grave initial fault. It had many times refused the Government the means of defence and of action, for which the latter had been persistently asking since 1866. It had voted the military law of 1878 for the defensive army alone, when it was already only a shadow of the original proposal discussed in the Council of State, and it had paralysed the result of this attenuated measure by reducing the credits demanded for its application. This initial fault was the more serious that Count Bismarck was setting us a striking example on our frontiers. Since Sadowa he had had visions of the Imperial crown of the German Cæsars for his sovereign, and of an incontestable preponderance for his country. To arrive at this twofold end he had organised a formidable army; and, since his Parliament would not vote him sufficient credits, he had snapped his fingers at Parliament. For six years he had pressed towards his mark, with the aid of the war-treasure and a Budget which the deputies had not voted. Instead of looking ahead, instead of making preparations, it had been cheerfully contended from the benches of the Chamber that there would be no war, and that, in any case, we would face the enemy with the volunteers, or with the levy *en masse*. Such was the excuse for not augmenting either the credits or the contingents of the regular army. Having been for a year a colleague of the Minister of War, I ought, in simple justice to his memory, to quote some of his energetic protests.

"Gentlemen," he used to say, "there is a talk of a levy *en masse*. The real, serious, practical levy *en masse* is the Prussian system. As to a levy of men without military training, it is a monstrous deception. To call for big contingents on the outbreak of war is also a delusion. With the rapidity with which military operations are carried out nowadays, before the big contingents could be ready the war would be finished. You say that volunteers would flock to the standards to fight organised masses of the enemy. Alas! these are poetic dreams. I demand something positive. I attach great importance to the training of the Garde Mobile in musketry and artillery fire. But there is a great difficulty in the way—the Committee will not permit a mobilisation for more than twelve hours. But where can we find the necessary ranges? In view of these difficulties the Government demanded power to assemble the Garde Mobile for eight days. I have placed these considerations before

the Committee, but I have not been able to convince them." In another discussion the Marshal said further: "Gentlemen, I have just opposed the Committee's amendment. I cannot hide from you that I have no great hope of success. I cannot for long sustain a *rôle* which consists in telling you every moment that your measures for the army are insufficient. How can you tolerate that I should be incessantly refused the things that I regard as necessary?"

If Marshal Niel thus renounced responsibility the Opposition of the Left foolishly accepted it, and no thanks are due to them that the mistake committed was not still more serious. I can hear M. Garnier Pagés now:—

"What good will it do you? It is mere material force. Ah, if you would rely on moral force! How strong you would be if you would trust in the people and in liberty! The war budget is bringing you to bankruptcy. It is a plague, a cancer, which is eating our life out. Yes, gentlemen, if I could find a stronger word I would use it, for I wish to impress your minds."

M. Jules Favre was as virulent:—

"What is it I read in the official documents?—that France must be armed like her neighbours; I confess, gentlemen, that my conscience revolts from such theories. Gentlemen, specialists are bad judges, for they sacrifice everything to their special point of view, and they are too apt to forget by what overwhelming forces France would be defended if ever the moment of danger arrived."

M. Pelletan was determined to bear off the palm and out-Herod Herod.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I understood the firemen were armed in case of an invasion. But is an invasion possible? You would be indignant if I suggested such an idea, and you would be right."

Such agitation coming from the French Tribune always finds an echo. The Centre, in alarm, was nervous of the dissatisfaction of the electors: while not completely making common cause with the Opposition, they half encouraged it in diminishing the credits.

When the General Election of 1869 took place, in every district where the Right and the Left joined hands against the Imperialist candidates they met on common ground—the substantial reduction of the military charges. The new legislative body had the same objects in view as that which it succeeded.

In 1870 the establishment for the year was reduced by ten thousand

men, and Ernest Picard, in the discussion of the vote on July 2nd, spoke of this reduction as insufficient. He demonstrated, unsuccessfully, it is true, that the reduction should be twenty thousand.

This was the first mistake committed by the two Legislatures. The Left insisted on it, and the Centre had not the energy to resist it. This fault encouraged our inveterate enemy; without it Prussia would never have revived a candidature which she knew must be distasteful to any Government which was jealous for the honour and security of France. The second fault, which was exclusively attributable to the Ministry of January 2nd, 1870, was the omitting to announce to the Chambers immediately and officially the renunciation of Prince Antoine, which it had accepted in Council as a sufficiently satisfactory solution. To spread the news sedulously among deputies and journalists, instead of carrying it to the Tribune, was to bring about a fatal deadlock.

By this truckling to the noisiest the Government were condemned to follow their lead to the bitter end. The Minister of the Interior had the reports of the Prefects, who almost all testified to the burning desire for peace in the provinces, and especially among the rural population. But the clamour of the great city appeared the immediate danger which had to be reckoned with. The too-hasty friends of the Cabinet drew a picture of the Extreme Right eager to take advantage of its hesitation to upset it.

If it disappeared would not the brand new constitutional fabric fall with it? During the first revolution the Girondins had made war to escape from internal difficulties; the Ministry of January 2nd was fated to follow their example. It lent a terrified ear to those who it supposed reflected public opinion; it was eager not only to satisfy, but to surpass them. They had raised the clamour for war; the Ministry echoed it, and by way of proving that it was more sensitive of affront to the national honour than its critics, it plunged into the war for which it had no desire.

In the Council held at the Tuileries on July 12th the Emperor had declared emphatically in favour of peace; but in his new position of constitutional monarch he had no choice but to consent to a second meeting of the Council, and to the final instructions sent to our Ambassador at Berlin. Count Bismarck, then, was served both by the fault for which the French Chambers were collectively responsible—the higgling with the Government over efficient provision for defence—and by the individual fault of the Ministry in going back on its original decision for the purpose of escaping from internal trouble by yielding

to a wave of public opinion, the strength of which it exaggerated. To ascribe the mistake to the votes of the legislative body on July 15th would be sheer folly.

In rejecting the demand of M. Jules Favre for the diplomatic documents to be laid before the House, and in referring the examination of these documents to the Bureaux, the legislative body at once obeyed their own rule and the dictates of common prudence. The sixty-five deputies who voted on that occasion that the documents should be laid before the House before their minute examination by the Bureaux, would have hastened the war instead of preventing it.

By accepting with something like unanimity the four proposals of Ministers, the legislative body armed the Government for defence. Without precipitating matters, without shutting the door to negotiation, without insisting on war, it recognised the emergency just as far as was absolutely necessary. If the Ministry had asked for double, the legislative body would have given it, and it would have been right.

ERNEST PINARD

(*Ancien Ministre de l'Interieur*).

THE GENERAL ELECTION: A FORECAST.

I.

IN offering a forecast of the probable result of the General Election, the danger of prophesying where one does not know is, of course, to be remembered. Our vaticinations are moderated by the reflection that ere long some results may come about to confound even the best-reasoned calculations. Certainly the only scientific method of framing such calculations is to examine the prospects for each Parliamentary seat, or in each electoral division, throughout the United Kingdom, and then to cast up the total for each party and for each side containing a group of parties. Here, at all events, is a basis on which calculations can be founded. As compared with this statistical method, all other methods seem vain and vague, representing either ideas, or impressions, or notions gathered from partial knowledge in certain districts only out of a great and varied country. But in the election of 1885 nobody ventured to adopt this method, because the new franchise and the redistribution of seats scattered all possible prognostications to the winds. How far it was adopted by the Conservative party in the election of 1880 I was never able to ascertain. But I learnt that it was adopted by the Liberal party, and yielded them apparently a majority of 40 to 50. As we all remember, the result gave them just double that. Hence it appears that even this method supplies a basis only, and not much more; still, some basis is essential, otherwise the calculation is in the air. No doubt, for some reason or other, a "wave" (as it is called) of opinion may supervene, and may submerge the basis; and that, to some extent, happened in 1880. Or there may be the element of luck, good or evil; as indeed happened in 1880, when many Liberal seats were won by very small majorities, so that a few thousand votes might have turned the scale of parties. Or at the last moment some "cry" (as it is called) may arise, which could not have been foreseen by any of the calculators, and which may yet modify the issue. As we are calculating at least some little time before the

coming election, who can say that some such cry may not arise between now and then to utterly confound us?

Again, since 1885 there has been the election of 1886. But on that occasion the introduction of the Irish Home Rule question overshadowing all other matters—forming, indeed, almost the sole issue before the electors—and the disruption of the old Liberal party quite obscured all calculations and rendered the statistical method impossible. But now, since the new franchise and the redistribution of seats, since the great national debate on Home Rule for Ireland—since, too, the separation of the Liberal Unionists from the Gladstonians—six busy years have elapsed. Within that time the electors have had ample opportunity to make up their minds for the future, and the political calculators to frame their calculations. Therefore it is reasonable to inquire whether such a statistical calculation has been made for the coming election, and, if so, what are its results?

I am not aware that, apart from the official agencies of whose inquiries we cannot be cognisant, any inquiry has been made comparable in accuracy and comprehensiveness with that of the *Times*. A special commissioner from the *Times* visited each constituency in the country and appears to have communicated more or less with the local leaders or agents of each party, and a report with reasons and other interesting particulars for each constituency was published from time to time. Now, opinions may differ as to the result of this elaborate inquiry. But I gather from it that the distribution of parties at the coming election will be something in this wise, in respect to seats which they are tolerably sure to hold:—

Conservatives	254
Liberal Unionists	42
Gladstonians	200
Nationalists (Irish)	82
	578

This is no rose-coloured statement on our side. It gives the Conservatives rather less, and the Liberal Unionists distinctly less, than they now possess, and the Gladstonians slightly less than they now have after their gains on the by-elections, while it grants a full allowance to the Irish Nationalists.

According to this the Conservative-Unionist party would number 296, and the Gladstonian-Nationalist party 282—giving the former a majority of 14 only, which cannot be called a working majority. But

then the total of 578 deducted from the full strength of the House—670—leaves a remainder of 92, comprising, of course, the seats marked doubtful, regarding which no man can say how they will go. The existence of so large a number of doubtful seats—about one-seventh of the whole Parliamentary number—is a matter of serious import, to us at all events. Perhaps the calculators on the other side count on these seats as surely theirs; if so, their minds will be at rest on the subject. But we, at least, must cling to the belief that they are doubtful, and may be won for our side. Yet we must admit that such a number as this may turn the scale decisively on one side or the other, and constitutes a heavy weight liable to swing either way with conclusive effect, favourable or unfavourable to us. Probably the rough and ready, and even the favourite, plan would be to allot the 92 doubtful seats half and half to the two contending parties, say, 46 to each party. This would not mend matters from our point of view, and would leave us still with the insufficient majority of 14, thus—296 + 46 = 342 Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, then 282 + 46 = 328 Gladstonians and Irish Nationalists, leaving a majority for the former of 14. At the best, then, we at least must admit that the outlook is doubtful for us. But if the above count of 92 doubtful seats be correct—that is, if they are really doubtful, are truly open to conviction, can actually be influenced by honest political effort—then we have a strong hope, though we do not permit ourselves to be too sanguine. We may win a majority of these doubtful seats. For example, if instead of winning 46 we win 60 of them, that would add 28 on a division to a majority of 14 already shown—not enough to make a strong Government, yet enough for enabling any existing Administration to continue in office. We ought, indeed, in view of strengthening our Government, to win 70, and that on a division would add another 20 to the majority already sketched, or 62, sufficient, no doubt, though not equal to that which the allied Unionist party has possessed during the present Parliament. I do not wish to assume too much in my own favour in making these remarks, because, *mutatis mutandis*, they would apply equally to the opposite party. If we hope and strive to win the doubtful seats, so may they, and by these means they might reckon on turning their slight minority (if they accept the foregoing calculation) into a working majority. But on the calculation, which seems to be guarded and moderate, it does seem hard for them to win enough doubtful seats to give them a sufficient majority for carrying either Irish Home Rule or the Newcastle Programme.

As regards doubtful seats, and doubtful sections of electors everywhere, most well-informed persons are aware that this uncertain element is uncomfortably large. In the stronger seats—that is, in the seats where opinion is decisively in favour of one side or of the other—this element will, of course, not affect the result. But in the weaker seats—that is, where the two parties are balanced—it is all-important. There the men who belong to no party are those who determine the issue. These men may be influenced by caprice, perhaps, or by temper, or by casual argument, or by something that strikes the eye or catches the fancy—I say, may be; but it is safer far to assume that they are really influenced by sober reason, or by well-weighed argument, or by something that appeals to the imagination. Personally, I have much more faith in these solid and permanent means of moving the judgment and conciliating the regard than in the lighter means first indicated. It is by the use of these higher methods, too, that the loyalty of our own trusted supporters will be strengthened, and possibly some voters won over to us from the other side.

I shall, therefore, briefly summarise the points which are likely to tell favourably or unfavourably for us in the minds of the great electorate comprising some millions of voters. Looking, of course, from a Conservative-Unionist standpoint, I am more familiar with the favourable points than with the others.

In the first place, we believe that the success of the foreign policy of the Government, which is admitted even by our opponents, will tell greatly for us in the estimation of very large sections of the electorate, in all the towns, great and small, in all the manufacturing districts—everywhere, in fact, save in the rural villages and excepting also the miners, whose judgment is understood to be influenced by some particular considerations to the exclusion of all others. Whether they give utterance to the sentiment or not, we are sure that not only the upper and the middle classes, but also the majority of the working classes, feel a patriotic and imperial pride, and this pride is also felt by the farmers and small freeholders. With the artisans, too, this feeling takes a practical shape. They consider, quite justly, that their wages depend on trade, which depends partly on neutral markets which are secured by imperial arrangements and partly on that commercial confidence without which our relations with tariff countries cannot prosper. There is, perhaps, always a popular prejudice to the effect that these matters are managed better by the Conservative party than by any other party. This

prejudice, if it really exists, will have been mightily strengthened by the events of the last six years. Not only has there been great extension of empire, pleasing to those who are imperially-minded, but at the same time peace has been preserved to the satisfaction of those whose disposition is specially pacific. It is probable that the resort to arbitration on two great occasions, one of which threatened to bring on war, has won the approbation even of the extreme peace party. There has been something, too, in the attitude of England which, in the belief of many, has conduced greatly to the maintenance of peace. Thus, I suppose that the foreign policy of Lord Salisbury will be the most helpful argument of all possible arguments for the Unionist party at the coming election.

A similar sentiment will arise in regard to the government of Ireland. The majority of the electors gladly acknowledge that Ireland has been governed unmistakably fairly. In vain will our opponents speak of alleged repression, whatever that may mean. The peacefulness, the prosperity, the contentment, the social and political improvement of Ireland will supply the best answer.

In reference to these points the choice of Mr. Balfour as Leader in the Commons has been wise in view of the General Election. His name is one to conjure with just now, just as Lord Randolph Churchill's was in 1885 and 1886. He will rouse the enthusiasm of his own side and will excite interest among unprejudiced men on the other side also. He is an excellent figure-head and a first-rate standard-bearer for the impending contest. It is important to have such a chief on our side in the prime and heyday of life, considering the platform popularity which Mr. Gladstone still commands despite advancing years.

On the cardinal topic of Ireland, much will depend on our success in keeping the subject of Home Rule before the eyes of the electors, imitating, so to speak, the practice of advertising in gigantic letters against the sky! It is, of course, the most flagrant of all burning questions. Now, we believe that the great majority of British electors, including all the more moderate Gladstonians, are *not* prepared for unlimited Home Rule, do mean to preserve the supremacy of the Parliament at Westminster, and will hesitate to follow Mr. Gladstone to all lengths in this matter. The remainder of the Gladstonians probably have the same feeling, only for reasons of their own unconnected with Ireland they will follow Mr. Gladstone wherever he may go. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone is bound to his Irish allies; the recent with-

drawal of an embarrassing motion of theirs the other evening in the House of Commons about Home Rule shows that they have him fixed to his political obligation. In this respect there is little difference between Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites. Both are Nationalists—that is, they wish to make Ireland a nation either under separation from Britain or under a thinly-veiled independence. The only difference between them is this, that the Anti-Parnellites would press Mr. Gladstone somewhat more and the Parnellites somewhat less. Thus we believe that Mr. Gladstone is on the horns of a dilemma. If he proposes moderate Home Rule he must break with his Irish allies; if he proposes immoderate Home Rule he must alarm his British supporters. If this be the fact, it will be brought home to the minds of the electors and it will tell potentially on our side.

Next, it is probable that Ulster men, many of whom are born orators, will do great service on our platforms in Britain. They will be descanting on the dangerous temper that would smoulder or burst into flame in the North of Ireland in event of Home Rule being conceded to the Nationalists. They will press their inalienable right as British citizens to be represented in a Parliament at Westminster, and will refuse to accept in exchange for that a right to be represented in a Parliament at Dublin, which is a different thing. They will inveigh against the threatened destruction of their British birthright and heritage. On reflection one cannot but see that this view is one that must be admitted by the average British elector. It is an argument that cannot be got over, and it is fatal to Home Rule.

We do not reckon much on the split in the Irish party. It must, no doubt, weaken the party as a whole in many ways; but not in the way of losing seats. The really Home Rule seats will be kept by one or other section of the Nationalist party as against Unionists. We may gain a very few seats in Ireland, perhaps; in that case the advantage will arise from causes separate from the party split. But attention will be drawn to the "object-lessons" of internecine conflict, of mutual vilification, derivable from the scene in the famous Committee Room 15, from the recent proceedings in the office of the *Freeman's Journal*, and other reproductions of the drama of Donnybrook Fair. Are these, it will be asked, examples of what would happen under a Home Rule *régime?* And apart from all statements avowedly hostile or of a partisan character, the Irish leaders cannot complain if recollection is called to the judicial conclusions in the Report of the Commission commonly

known as the Parnell Commission. That Report, if it were to be studied by the electors, would have a marked effect.

If chronic discontent with the existing form of the Union in the South of Ireland—which as a fact is uncertain—shall be urged as a reason for Home Rule, then permanent discontent with Home Rule in the North of Ireland—which as a fact is quite certain—will be an absolute reason against Home Rule. But *are* the southern Irish discontented with the Union? We believe that they are not, and that if they seem to declare against it, this is owing to Nationalist agitation. Irrespective of the internal pacification, of which they feel the benefit, and which could not have been secured without the strength of the United Kingdom—irrespective of the recent land legislation, of which they will acknowledge the justice and the benevolence—they must admit the advantage of the vast sums of money which have been and are yet to be advanced to Ireland for the good of her people, on the credit of the United Kingdom. This benefit could never have accrued under Home Rule, and is rendered possible only by the maintenance of the existing arrangement of the Union.

If the Irish Local Government Bill shall fail to pass before the General Election, we shall cite that Bill as an example of generous intention and shall dilate on the circumstances which prevented its passing.

Regarding the other important divisions of the British Isles, we hope either to gain some seats in Scotland or else to reduce the Gladstonian majorities in most places of the Scottish north for a particular reason, which is this: Mr. Gladstone has virtually declared himself for disestablishing the Established Presbyterian Church. Whatever may or may not have been his utterances outside, we consider that his statements in the House of Commons do fully amount to this. Then surely this must set a very important body of Scotchmen against the Gladstonian party, and draw them nearer to the Conservative party, if the domestic policy of that party shall be—as I shall presently show—sufficiently liberal for them. But in Wales we do not anticipate any appreciable gain; we may win a seat or two, by the chances of a local contest well conducted, but nothing more. The attitude of the Welsh Nonconformists seems to show that they will set the question of Disestablishment before all other questions; and there again we understand that Mr. Gladstone has agreed to disestablish the Church within Welsh limits. This will keep the Welsh politicians, at least—we are not so sure about the Welsh people—fixed to his side for the present.

But, adverting to England, we expect that though Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards the Established Church in Scotland, and towards the Church of England within Welsh limits, may confirm the allegiance of many, but not all, of the English Nonconformists, it will yet weld and fuse most, if not all, Churchmen in England into one united mass—probably the most powerful mass to be found in English society. This solid phalanx will be in the very centre of the English line of battle. With this sacred interest will be connected the voluntary system of education and the religious instruction. The boon, as it is called, of free education was designed for educational purposes. But also it was expected by many to produce some political effect. In some districts such has doubtless been the case. But it is doubtful whether in the country as a whole this effect has been perceptibly felt.

Among the rural classes, the loyalty of the landowners, greater and lesser, and of the farmers, to the Conservative cause is anticipated as confidently as ever—notwithstanding any dissatisfaction which any of them may have felt at some points in recent legislation. The creation of the Agricultural Department will give them additional confidence for the future. The attitude of the farm labourers is, of course, sufficiently doubtful to cause us anxiety—even though the agitation, raised some years ago by Joseph Arch, seems to have either collapsed or subsided. But we trust that the desire evinced by the several Allotment Acts, and by the Small Holdings Act, to do justice to this class and keep them at their homes among the rural parishes, and this, too, in comfort, will induce them to cast in their lot with the other landed classes with whom they always have been, and will continue to be, connected.

In respect to national defence, we reckon on the steady support of all those sections of electors who feel an interest in naval and maritime affairs. It is not needful here to recount the reasons—let us urge the electors to study the naval statistics and visit the ships with the naval establishments, and—*si monumentum quæris, circumspice.* The same anticipation may be formed regarding those who attach importance to the defence of our military seaports, to the completion of our armaments on land and at sea with the big guns, and to the fortification of our coaling stations right round the world.

As regards the army, although our Government has done much in military organisation, in the development of the reserve, and in many other ways; and although the public is well satisfied as to the excellence of our troops on foreign and colonial stations, yet there is much anxiety,

and some displeasure also, regarding the condition of at least a part of the troops at home. This may, perhaps, reflect somewhat on the Government. Nevertheless, a reform could not be undertaken without a searching inquiry, which must take time. Such inquiry the Government has instituted through Lord Wantage's Commission; but there will hardly be time for taking action within the term of this Parliament. Probably those electors who feel interested in army affairs will trust rather to us than to our opponents; though it is always to be hoped that any party in power will act more or less efficiently for such affairs. But efficient action is more likely to come from our side than any other.

In respect to domestic policy generally, the Conservative party labours under one unavoidable disadvantage. It has not a showy, gorgeous, and visionary programme such as that which the Gladstonians will display. As its leaders have repeatedly declared, it rests its case not on promise, but on performance. Having been in power for six years it naturally appeals to a record of achievements, and that counts for much with all reflective electors. The Gladstonians cannot do that; they must rest their case on promise only: they are not to be blamed for that; there is nothing else for them to do. But it would be vain for us to deny that airy fairy promises, like clouds arrayed in gay hues, are attractive to many minds. They may, indeed, prove impossible of fulfilment hereafter, and, if so, they will bring about a retribution on the heads of their originators. Meanwhile, at the election they will produce their effect. The "Newcastle Programme" may prove to be only the first edition. Since its promulgation several additions have been made, and we wonder at the vast burden of promises, big and small, which the Gladstonians cheerfully accept. Thus a positive policy is enunciated. We must, indeed, respond with a flat negative to each item in that programme. But we must not be content with a negative policy. We cannot, indeed, conscientiously issue a counterblast to the Newcastle Programme. But we must have a positive policy of our own. Now, from the Conservative mode of working it is evident that our work does not lend itself to the construction of programmes to be flaunted before the public at elections. Let anyone (apart from the Irish policy) look at the effective and successful work of the last six years and say whether that policy could easily have been embodied in a programme beforehand. Much of it arose from the needs of the nation as they came to the surface from year to year. We may say, of course, that such as our

work has been in the past six years so will it be in the next six years if we are returned to power. And this is an argument which will always come home to practical English minds. But this is not enough. We ought to think out and formulate some positive programme; moderate, indeed, as is suitable to our conduct, and in no wise competing with such manifestoes as that of Newcastle, but still a *bonâ fide* set of projects of law or of administration.

It were futile to attempt now even a sketch of such a programme. The present Session is not yet ended, and we know not how much of its programme may remain unfulfilled at the close. Whatever remainder there may be of unexecuted plans from this Session or preceding Sessions must, of course, be inserted in the new programme for the future. But to this must be added everything of interest and importance which we can fairly even certainly expect to happen within a reasonable time should we return to power. Such measures may not be of a heroic character, but they will be useful and practical, and also of acknowledged necessity. Now, for many years past the Conservatives have attended to a variety of social improvements, which would on the one hand be consistent with existing institutions, and on the other hand elevate the condition of the people. At least a dozen, perhaps even a score, of such subjects might be mentioned.

In this procedure there is a difference between the tone and temperament of the two great parties. The Gladstonians seem to be ever confident, sanguine, ardent—crying "Io pæan, io triumphe." They apparently think that enthusiasm will thus be excited in the masses and sympathy attracted; perhaps they are wise in their generation. On the contrary, the Unionists are calm and comparatively reticent; looking chances, risks, perils fairly and squarely in the face; apparently thinking that their people will be best roused to exertion by the consciousness of danger. This has, according to my observation, been our method for some time past; and we had better adhere to it without borrowing at all from the plumage of our opponents. In short, our men say little, but for all that they mean to do their level best.

Nevertheless we shall justly criticise the prospects of our opponents, contrasting it with our own plans. It is complex—including many domestic changes of the most contentious character—changes which we hope will be rejected by the majority, but which do commend themselves to a minority—changes which could only be passed after distressful controversy—yet all of them are hampered by the Home Rule question,

which if allowed for Ireland would raise up claims of the same sort from certain parties both in Scotland and in Wales; all of them are overshadowed by the Irish storm which the Gladstonian proposals of 1886 have aroused. Then we shall ask whether the Newcastle propositions as a whole do not relate more to the distribution of political power than to the social elevation of the people. As to legislation for the benefit of the working classes, we shall, without making invidious comparisons, examine the work of our last six years in this respect and make a similar examination of any corresponding six years of Liberal administration. We expect that such examination will cause our friends among the working classes to repose confidence on our leaders and on us.

We have listened to the jubilation of the Gladstonians over the by-elections without the least alarm. No doubt our opponents have gained some seats. But the Opposition always does gain seats in this way as against the Government. Such was the case from 1880 to 1885, when Mr. Gladstone was in power. Probably it caused him no alarm; certainly it did not render us over-confident. Neither in our turn do we feel apprehension from similar circumstances. But if electoral statistics be fully considered, then we believe that, including unopposed returns, we have obtained as many votes on the whole as the Gladstonian party has during the last six years.

No doubt in these by-elections the numerical support received from Liberal Unionist electors has been often disappointing. Nevertheless, we anticipate the utmost benefit from our Liberal Unionist allies in the coming General Election. Whatever may be the strength of their rank and file in numbers, yet their officers, so to speak, their chiefs and leaders, are the very men best calculated to give moral strength to any cause they may espouse. They are just the persons of public eminence, repute, independence, and impartiality, who are likely to influence the doubtful constituencies already mentioned and to affect in every constituency everywhere the minds of the men of no party. We look back with pleasure to the fraternal sentiment which has sprung up between us and them, and we mean to cherish it for the future. And in justice to them it must be remembered that at Birmingham they have preserved their numerical position. And a great manufacturing centre like that, being solidly Unionist, is a vantage ground for us.

In England, generally, apart from the other divisions of the United Kingdom, we expect to maintain our position in the Metropolis, notwithstanding the unsatisfactory issue of the County Council election—

also in the home counties, and in our Northern strongholds, Liverpool, parts of Lancashire and of Manchester.

I have now endeavoured to state our case with moderation, and with due respect toward our opponents. Looking to all the considerations which have been adduced, statistical, moral, general, I should hope that we shall obtain a Unionist majority at the general election, not so large as that which we have had during the last six years, but large enough to continue a course of useful and practical legislation for several Sessions. In other words, I hope that we shall win a sufficient number of the doubtful seats already mentioned. During this Parliament we have been engaged in some extremely contentious measures for the carrying of which a great majority was indispensable. In the next Parliament we shall not have such measures, and, therefore, for our practical and useful legislation, the advantage of which cannot be gainsaid, a moderate majority may suffice.

Still, whatever may be the merits of our cause, however just may be our grounds for confidence, we must never lose sight of the tendency which exists, if indeed it does not prevail, against any Government and any party in power. The faults of those who have recently administered are freshly remembered. Similar faults of their opponents who administered some time ago are forgotten, their prospective merits are all the more likely to be considered. It is superfluous to labour this point, which is so well known to all. Such thoughts as "It is time to have a change," "Give the other side a chance," surge to the surface of very many minds at the time of a General Election. We cannot succeed in argument with electors who think thus. Are they dissatisfied with the present Government? No. Do they expect any better administration from the other side? No. What then? Why nothing, except that, in the words of the ancient Athenians, they desire "something new." This feeling is fraught with danger to our cause, and the danger is all the greater because it is—no other consideration, indeed, is as dangerous as this—indefinite and impalpable.

As I conclude this review prudence compels me to add that, even if the interval between this time of writing and the election shall be short, several bolts might fall out of the sky to play havoc with the best constructed calculations, and that the chances of such occurrences will be increased should the interval be comparatively long.

RICHARD TEMPLE.

II.

I SUFFER from a certain scepticism as to electoral prophecies, and much doubt the wisdom of attempting them, so far at least as detail goes. A small turnover in the electorate suffices to convert a large majority upon one side into a large majority upon the other, and a slight error of calculation may have a great effect upon probable results. One can only point out tendencies, and that with hesitation. The margin between the calculations of the two sides is understood to be very great. The leading men upon my own side of politics are understood to expect a very considerable majority, after allowing for a certain loss of seats in Ireland. The Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists, who have recovered from their alarm of a few months ago, now expect a close balance of parties or a very small majority in their favour. The country generally undoubtedly looks forward to the certainty of a Liberal majority of some size or other, and to a change of Government, although only about half the people desire the new Government to last long, and half believe that its tenure of office will be short. All who have watched by-elections carefully for very many years are inclined to discount their importance; but, on the other hand, there is some ground for the cynical view that Governments in this country are generally in a minority in the electorate. There have indeed been comparatively few moments since 1870 when it might not be contended, with a fair show of reason, that the Government of the day, of whichever party, going to the country would have been beaten at the poll. A turnover of 2 or 3 per cent. makes a vast difference; a turnover of 5 per cent. is overwhelming; and such a turnover soon takes place against the party in power. A Government alarms interests or it disappoints them, and in either case the electoral result is the same. Any man can work out the figures for himself and see how, through the close balance in great numbers of constituencies, a 5 per cent. turnover would affect the polls.

Coming from generalities to the particular position of parties at the present time, it must be remembered that the effects of the split of '86 have worn off in the constituencies, except in parts of Cornwall, in Glasgow, in Birmingham, and in its neighbourhood, and in one or two divisions specially under Cavendish influence. Elsewhere there are now

very few electors—who would vote Liberal were it not for Home Rule—so frightened by Home Rule as to intend to vote for Conservative or Liberal Unionist candidates or members. The nominal strength of Liberal Unionism in the majority of the constituencies is considerably greater than its real strength, because of the fact that many electors who for various reasons are dissatisfied either with the Liberal party in general or with the party in their own electoral division, some because of the prominence of the Labour question, some because of the prominence of Welsh Disestablishment, label themselves, if they have any doubts upon the Irish question, Liberal Unionists. Except, however, in the districts which I have named, Liberal seats are not now likely to be affected by the Liberal policy on Home Rule. Other questions have come to the front, and it will be difficult for those on the Government side to restore—in time for the next election—Home Rule to its position as the great electoral scarecrow. The Nationalist split in Ireland will involve the loss of a few seats to the Home Rule side. The labour agitation, upon which also the Conservatives count, is not, except here and there, a party weakness; for, whatever the future may bring forth, the Liberal party will gain more than it will lose at present by the awakening of interest in labour questions. A few seats may be lost by splits between distinguished labour men and employers, but any attempt to artificially divide the Liberals by bringing forward less-known extreme candidates, in cases where the source of the subscriptions towards their electoral expenses is not obvious, will, to my mind, not weaken ordinary Radical candidates. There are few constituencies in which the running of such special candidates would not detach more votes from the Conservative than from the Liberal side. Those who are so dissatisfied that they will vote for extreme candidates, not specially distinguished and above suspicion, would, or at least a majority of them would, if they had not such candidates to vote for, vote, under the secrecy of the ballot, upon the Tory side. The Government count upon an increase of all the causes of friction of which I speak in the event of a July poll. There will probably be rioting in Ulster on the July anniversary. There is supposed to be a special irritation among the friends of labour in consequence of recent correspondence and deputations; and, although upon all other grounds the Government would have been stronger for waiting till after harvest, and completing the present Session in the usual way, it is possible that these considerations will tempt them into an earlier dissolution—that is, a dissolution before harvest.

In London the gain of seats by the Liberals is no doubt not likely to be as large as the result of the County Council elections led some men to expect. It is true, as Mr. Whitmore has pointed out, that there are a considerable number of electors in London who have always voted on the Conservative side in political elections, and who voted on the Radical side in the last County Council election. They were not the voters in the large houses, who, contrary to what is thought by those who have more theory than fact about them, voted Conservative at the County Council election with more vigour and unanimity than they have previously displayed in political elections. They were the clerks, who are numerically a more important proportion of the Metropolitan Conservatives than are the rich people. The artisans in London are always Radical by a great majority. Society, the clerks, and a majority of the shopkeepers are Conservative, and the Conservatives can beat the artisans when they poll a majority of the poor, as they did in 1885 and 1886. The Primrose League organisation is far weaker now than it was in those days, and I believe that the Conservatives will fail to poll their poor next time as they polled them at the last two Parliamentary elections; and it is on this fact that I count in believing that we shall gain ten or twelve seats in London, although of course we shall fall very short of sweeping London as we swept it for the County Council. The period of the election has an important bearing upon the position in London. The removals in London tell greatly against the Liberal party, and they are extraordinarily numerous in proportion to the removals in the country generally. This is so much the case that, were it not for other reasons, one could have no doubt that for the purpose of reducing their loss in London the Conservatives would postpone the election till late in the year. I do not attach importance to the revolt of Tory members who desire to be canvassing in their counties instead of sitting in the House, or to that of those who wish to take their holiday at Homburg in August peacefully after the election. The Government could go on through a long Session if they chose, and if beaten in a thin House could easily set up a vote of confidence in themselves and carry it by a sufficient majority after notice. But their view of the temporary weakness of the Liberals caused by recent labour complications, and of the bearing of the state of Ulster on a July election, will be the real causes which will lead them to hasten the dissolution, if indeed they do so.

The question of removals is one to which, as a rule, only those who

have worked in London attach enough importance. We are often told that the next election should present results as favourable to the Liberals as the election of 1885; but a better estimate appears to be one for a gain of at least ten seats in London, and at least ten seats in Lancashire, and a large gain in the rural districts in England, with a small loss in Ireland. Liberals might do as well as in 1885 if the election were on a new register, but in all probability it will be on an extremely stale register, and under such circumstances it is idle to expect that, except in those rural constituencies where the Liberals are better organised than the Conservatives, the results can be as good. I should, then, have little doubt that the Conservatives would find their advantage in holding on till as late as possible in the year, and so disfranchising a large portion of the London artisans, were it not for the fact that Lord Salisbury attaches undue importance to the present electoral weight of the Home Rule question, and believes that the state of relations between the parties in Ulster is likely, about the moment that his party seem to prefer for the dissolution, to afford an object-lesson in the difficulties of Home Rule.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

ENGLISHWOMEN IN INDIA.

ANYONE who is asked to write a description of civilised men or women in any given country will, likely enough, be reminded of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's remark, that she had never met but two sorts of people in the world—men and women.

What is the type of the Anglo-Indian lady? This is a problem that has been set me frequently, and when I have tried to answer I have felt daunted by the multiplicity of types that have sprung to my memory, and by the fear of appearing to judge or criticise where I have only been asked to describe, and, where I am chiefly concerned, to defend.

An Anglo-Indian woman is only a temporarily transplanted Englishwoman, and only in so far as she is subject to special conditions does she differ from the women of her own race and class anywhere else. These conditions are,—exile, enervating, and often deadly climate; a society which is in most places very small, never very large, and which is three-fourths military and one-fourth official; which contains a large preponderance of men over women, no old people, and no young ones between the ages of six and sixteen; which is recruited from the upper of our upper middle-classes at home, in which almost all enjoy a competence sufficient to meet the expenses of their position, but affording no margin for freedom of action, or the pursuit of a wide choice of interests; a life of interruptions and publicity, of few domestic responsibilities, much solitude for the women, and peculiarly heavy responsibilities for the men.

These are the conditions which are peculiar to India, but many characteristics of both the life and the people are common to all English provincial lives and people. Anglo-Indian society is provincial with officialism superadded, and has much in common with that of the English country town, especially the garrison town, whilst the hill-stations have a considerable dash of the watering-place about them. It is my object to show that some of the less attractive peculiarities of the Englishwoman in India have nothing peculiarly Indian about them.

And whilst I must own that in India a woman is more tempted to drift into idleness, inertia, local-mindedness, uncultured, gossipy lines of thought and speech, into pleasure-seeking and flirtation (I use the word advisedly as distinct from serious love-making), than she ever need be at home, yet the life has produced, and is producing, women of whom we have every reason to be proud, and whose qualities many women in England may do well to imitate.

Let us begin with the "Burra Memsahib." There is no adequate translation of this name; "the great lady" has too aristocratic and feudal a sound about it; "the great official lady" would be nearer the mark. She is the wife of a member-in-council, a commissioner, a judge, or a collector. There is something lovable, and yet awful, about her. She grasps an ornate card-case as her social oriflamme, the table of precedence is her Magna Charta, she is supremely virtuous, she leads and judges the society in which she moves, her conversation is strictly local, practical, and personal. She has weathered many dangers and hardships. She is a Conservative, and in theory her sympathies are anti-native, but if you inquired of her servants and others of her Aryan brethren, you would hear how in more than name she is "the protector of the poor." There is a touch of the patriarchal about her household. In camp she shows a genius for "bundobust"* ; in "the station" her dinner-parties are wearisome, but her hospitality unfailing. Her doors are ever open, her help ever ready for the sick, the bereaved, or simply the stranger. Her faults are pomposity and huffiness; her virtues hospitality, charity (not always in the widest sense), indeed, all Christian virtues, except, perhaps, humility. There is nothing specially Indian about her, except her long Indian experience, her pluck and hospitality. She is the nearest approach we ever get in India to the venerable in age, but she is not fifty, and soon her husband will retire on his hard-earned pension, and take her away to a semi-detached villa at Bath or Cheltenham, and India will lose in her a restraint and a tradition.

Then there is the gay and giddy lady, the "cheery" woman, who rests not day or night organising picnics, promoting dances and theatricals, who mourns the inertia of her fellows if entertainments flag even for a week, who frequents hill-stations, but is not necessarily a grass-widow. Her talk is much interlarded with Anglo-Indian expressions, such as "tiffin," "chit," "pukka," "gup." Her children, if

*Arrangement.

she has any, are at home. Before they went she most likely was a different woman,—much as Indian mothers always are, anxious, watchful, and worn, but they had to go, and she had to stay, and her pleasure-loving nature, without occupation or responsibility, finds its own consolation. There is no particular harm in the cheery woman; she is what is called "a useful sort of person to have in a station, because she gets things up, you know," and there is some truth in the phrase in a country where all amusements are amateur, and must be self-constructed. There is always a lady of this type on a P. and O. steamer; she has a fancy dress in the hold, and therefore insists on a fancy ball; she generally knows one part in *Sweethearts* or "*Ici on Parle Français*," but as Mr. Kipling would say, "that is another story," and must be written some day under the head of "P. and O. passengers, a distinct race." What is there peculiarly Indian about this woman? I maintain nothing but her circumstances. Frivolity and pleasure-seeking are foibles of English as well as Indian growth. Indeed, the ordinary "plains" station offers a starvation diet for such a nature, but in a hill-station, or any large centre in "the season," there is an atmosphere of holiday-making, especially among those who have escaped there on a few weeks' leave, and the cheery woman finds many playmates and amusements for every day of the week.

Then there are the flirts, and will anyone tell me they are the product of any particular country? They exist in India, no doubt, in a larger proportion than in England, but there is less demand for female flirts here, owing to the surplus of women. In India women are in a minority, and therefore at a premium socially. It is a law of nature that whichever sex is in a minority in any society obtains an amount of attention, flattery, and homage from the other sex which results, among the lighter-headed, in a condition of things commonly known as being "spoilt." As an exemplification of this law we have only to look at London society, where the men are in a minority. Who that has travelled about the world, and seen men under the opposite condition, but will agree with me that the average English gentleman, of no special moral or intellectual power to lift him above the crowd, is a more chivalrous-minded man after ten years in India than if he had remained in London at a false social premium. As London society is an abnormal test of a man's vanity, so is Anglo-Indian society of a woman's. At least, in India things are balanced, so that it is rare to see women "running after" men; the race is all the other way.

Before I pass on to describe the more usual form of Anglo-Indian flirt I wish to dwell on one point, that the real business-like siren is rarer and in every way at a disadvantage in India. She is there no doubt. Her cigarette and patchouli-scented drawing-room, with many screens and cunning corners, is "a room which precludes morality"; her roving eye and sinuous figure are alike the horror of the Burra Memsahib and the magnet to the subaltern; her facile good nature makes her still beloved by some of her own sex, and her free talk is often the recreation of the statesman. But all the conditions of life in India are a restraint upon her. Cunning corners are hot to sit in, screens and curtains promote mosquitoes, servants glide to and fro with noiseless tread, the doors and windows are all open. Society is small and has many watch-dogs, headed by the Burra Memsahib. Climate forces the siren, as well as her victims, into the fresh air at the same hour, and generally along the same thoroughfare daily, as everyone else; in fact, the siren finds herself continually before the public. In India all is public, and there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed. Altogether, I think my readers will agree that the determined, unscrupulous flirt is much happier, and therefore likely to be found in greater numbers, behind the screen of a more complex society than in an Indian station, which, in the matter of publicity, and censorious gossipiness, surpasses even the English country village.

No, the characteristic Anglo-Indian flirt is of a far milder sort. The motives that underlie her conduct are vanity and reaction from a monotonous and lonely existence, resulting in a craving for some excitement. Without wishing altogether to justify her motives or their consequences, I still assert that they are more excusable in India than elsewhere. Let us follow her career from the time she comes out as a raw girl fresh from a boarding-school.

No sooner does she set foot on a P. and O. steamer than she finds herself valued socially. Her rosy cheeks, redolent of English air, have a special charm to the home-sick Anglo-Indians, whose fine-drawn features and tanned complexions may be recognised as they come on board at the docks, or Brindisi. The girl is voted "so fresh and English—nothing Indian about her," and is flirted with as much as time and space will allow. When she lands in India, whether to remain in a large centre such as Bombay or Calcutta, or to go up to the ordinary station of the village-like proportions already mentioned, she finds the same thing, that, *quâ* woman, in this society where males preponderate she has

an amount of social success and attention that no girl in England, without exceptional advantages of beauty, wit, or wealth, ever receives when she first comes out. It often happens that girls do not come out to India either with or to their own parents, or in any sense to a *home*, with its traditions, restraints, occupations, and responsibilities, but they come to some more distant relation, or to a friend who has invited them for the sake of their companionship, and to give them the "advantages" of a girl's life in India. Even if she do come to her parents, they are often half strangers to her. However much heart-ache and home-sickness they may have had for their child during the long years of separation between furlough and furlough, yet nothing can bridge over those years, and make the understanding and intimacy between parent and child the same as in an English home. The latter takes her first plunge into life far away from the associations, the friends, the discipline, and traditions of her childhood, and gets her first impressions of the world amidst the trivial round of amusements and social gatherings with which Anglo-Indians keep up good-fellowship, and strive to while away their leisure hours in the "land of regrets." But to the girl, so far, it is a land of picnics, dances, and "gymkanas," where she finds herself petted and courted. She has her love affairs, and after a year or two, varied by intervals at hill-stations, she selects a husband from the number of her suitors. Just as the stress of climate is beginning to fade her complexion and lower her energies she enters on the holy state. Then babies come, and whilst they are there it is rare for an Anglo-Indian mother, be she ever so uncultured and lonely, to be tempted back into the arena of flirtation. Mothers of Indian children are as a rule models of devotion to these little pale ghosts of English babyhood, whose graves occupy such large corners of our Indian cemeteries. To save them from such an end, the mother has often to spend one-third of the year in the hills away from her husband, and sometimes she has to fly suddenly with them as fast as train and ship can carry her, over "the black dividing sea," back to her old home in England. There, after a year or so, she leaves them, and goes back to the old life, to emptiness, monotony, and, for the greater part of the day, solitude, her husband being in office all day. But towards sundown the old social gatherings go on—how weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable they seem to her now! An Englishwoman in India once said bitterly to me, "If a woman becomes perfectly contented in India it is a sign she has deteriorated." This is much

too general and sweeping an assertion, but as applied to life in an ordinary Indian station there is some truth in it. The woman who can drown home-sickness, keep her health, and who has sufficient resources within herself to be happy anywhere, is happy in India, but such women are exceptions all over the world. To the average woman, who is more or less dependent upon her circumstances, the consolations and distractions of station life are, to say the least, inadequate. The weekly gymkana, the more frequent polo, the daily gathering between 6 and 7.30 p.m. at the general meeting-place, "the Club," a building consisting of a billiard-room and a library, with lawn-tennis grounds outside, where the craving for companionship drives the few English people to collect, talk "shop," and gossip, to read the papers with flagging interest, and borrow books from the indifferent library,—these gatherings, varied by an occasional dance or picnic, can do little to fill the gaps in Indian life, and they leave the average woman fairly home-sick for life in England.

The typical Anglo-Indian flirt is simply she who succumbs to the temptation to salt her savourless life by the excitements of sentimental friendships; to let her vanity be fed by the attentions and flattery of the surplus of subalterns and other unattached men, of whom in India there is always a supply. Like flirts all over the world, she deceives herself into thinking she is only giving sympathy when she is really accepting admiration and love, and once having begun to sip the cup of these moral stimulants, she finds it hard to do without them.

She is without two great restraints which act on most women who drift into the same line of conduct in England, viz.: first, the risk of paining and estranging her elders and contemporaries in her own family, whose criticism, once aroused, is apt to be plainly expressed; second, the wide-eyed silent criticism of her own girls and boys, who also by their mere existence take up her time, and draw her back to healthier interests.

I have no wish to justify this typical flirt; I only wish to show that whilst her temptations are abnormal and Indian, her nature and her follies are merely human. The unwritten laws of Indian society allow her to ride, drive, and walk with men. Women, both married and single, are almost obliged to go to balls and dance; they are dubbed airified and unobliging if they do not do so, women being in demand socially; thus there is endless propinquity, always more or less in public, yet admitting of the sentimental *tête-à-tête*. There is an Arcadian simplicity, a naïve

love of display about the Indian flirt, something disarming and comic about the way she gallops, drives, and dances her admirers up and down before the eyes of her small world—eyes that have so little to occupy them. It is this continual observation, and the inevitable discussion following upon it, that have given rise to the impression that there is so much flirtation in India. There *is* a good deal of it, for the reasons already given, but no sign of it in its mildest or its acuter form escapes observation.

The existence of this belief that Englishwomen in India are all flirts, fostered by Mr. Kipling's masterly sketches of Mrs. Hauksbee, and others of the more vulgar of this class, blending as he does with such absolute truth their vulgarity with their own peculiar pathos,—this must be my excuse for dwelling so long on this small percentage of the Englishwoman in India.

Of the types already described the last two are characteristic of the many small military stations, and the hill-stations, but the district life in tents, or in places where there are no soldiers, is the most characteristically Anglo-Indian. In such places has of late years come into existence the sporting lady. These are generally wives of district officers, either in the revenue, forest, police, or public works departments, who have to live in places where, perhaps, they, and one subordinate officer, and a half-caste apothecary form the only "European" population. These spend their winters pleasantly enough travelling about in tents. They rise about 6 or 6.30 a.m., and ride on to the next camping ground, where they find duplicate tents already pitched. On the way the husband shoots, the ordinary game being black-buck, wild duck, snipe, or quail. By ten at latest they are in camp, breakfast, and the husband sets to work in his office-tent, transacting the business of local administration. He therefore has the double interest of his work and his sport, whilst the wife's chief occupation is the "bundobust" of the camp. If she has children they are a considerable anxiety. They travel in a bullock "dumny" daily the same distance as their parents ride. Towards sundown, if he has time, the husband shoots again. It can easily be understood that if the wife can take an active share in his sport the monotony of her life will be much relieved. I remember once arriving late one evening during "the rains" at an out of the way place in the Deccan, to go on the next morning. We had expected to eat the inevitable tough chicken in the traveller's bungalow, and to share our night's rest with bats, toads, fleas, &c. But the ever alert hospitality

of India, in the shape of the local superintendent of police, found us out at once, and transplanted us to his cool and comfortable bungalow, where his wife most kindly received us in her pretty drawing-room, of which the least usual adornment was a row of fine black-buck heads hung round the wall. N. remarked on them with the envy of a fellow sportsman, and we were astonished to find that they had all been shot by our hostess, a pretty, delicate-looking little woman. She then showed us a photograph of herself in her "shikar" suit—a loose Norfolk jacket, short petticoat, and gaiters (as a protection against snakes), a huge pith sun-hat, and a wadded pad down her back as a protection from the sun. She spoke with feeling of the monotony of her life until she took to shooting with her husband. One other lady, the wife of a collector, I met in the Kanara forest, in the south of the Bombay Presidency, where the shooting is done from trees. She was then elated at having shot her first head of big game, a hyena, but I have since heard that she has shot tigers, big sambur, panther, bear, and black-buck, everything, in fact, except elephant and bison. Such spirited reaction from the inertia to which the climate and life make many women victims, must disarm criticism.

But these types that I have described still include but a percentage of the rank and file of Anglo-Indian ladies, who, when I begin to think of them, present to me an array of white faces on which endurance is plainly written. There is an impression of faded, old-fashioned refinement about them; their conversation drifts into discussing the comparative merits of the various places where they have been stationed, how much or little ill-health their husbands, their children, or they themselves have had there. Often they sound a note of cheerful gratitude for the place they are in, because it has the advantages of some "European" society, an English doctor, or the power of escaping by road or rail to the hills, or Bombay, Calcutta, or Madras, in case of obstinate fever or other illness. They talk of when they were last in England, and speak with sudden animation of the delights of that time, or of how "next hot-weather," or "the hot-weather after next," they hope to go home again.

Their uncomplainingness is marvellous, their pluck undefeated, their hospitality and kindness to each other, to any passing globe-trotter, or other stranger, unfailing. These qualities of large-hearted kindness and hospitality are characteristic of all Anglo-Indians; the Burra Memsahib excels in them, the siren, the cheery woman, and the flirt are not behindhand in them. And when I speak of hospitality I do not mean the

giving of entertainments. I mean hospitality that makes people turn out of their more comfortable rooms to give them up to a stranger, that takes in a sick acquaintance, nurses him night and day, feeds him on the best beef-tea, milk, and champagne that can be managed, writes home to his friends accounts of his progress, or details of his death ; the kindness that makes people go at once to a house where there is illness, and offer to take a share of the nursing. At ordinary times, Anglo-Indian society presents examples of petty gossip, self-asserting huffiness, and undignified flirtation ; but the very women who will one day meet each other with an indignant snort and a sweep of their somewhat faded skirts, on account of some dispute over a question of precedence, or something equally petty, will be found next day combining to nurse a cholera patient, or tending each other in some grief or trouble.

It is a pity that Mr. Kipling has not used his photographic powers of description, and allowed his genius to put life into more "Plain Tales" of quiet women's heroism in the plains than of foolish women's follies in the hills. He would find in the former a larger field and less commonplace material, and would, withal, give a truer picture of the most distinctively Anglo-Indian life. It may be said generally that the majority of women in India share with the men all the roughing and danger, except actual war (and in the Mutiny they shared that too), without sharing the credit or the rewards, except in so far as their husbands' honours benefit them. Women are the camp-followers of the great army of English occupation, and they often find themselves under conditions which, to use a telling phrase of Mr. Kipling's own, are "like the field of battle with all the glory missing."

I regret that, owing partly to the fact that my own better luck gave me little opportunity of personally observing my fellow-women under the most trying conditions of Indian life, and partly that the kind of all-in-the-day's-work, matter-of-course heroism and endurance that are most characteristic of the Anglo-Indian woman do not easily condense into anecdote, I am unable to give many illustrative instances. But one pathetically characteristic story comes to my mind of a young newly-married woman, who went with her husband on duty to some distant and God-forsaken spot, miles from any English cantonment. Within a year the husband died of cholera, dysentery, or one of the rapid Indian sicknesses. She found herself without benefit of clergy, doctor, or undertaker, alone, but for a handful of native servants. These helped her to dig the grave, but the coffin she hammered together with

her own hands, out of the wood of old packing-cases which had contained the "Europe stores" for their daily use.

Globe-trotters from time to time comment on the dulness of Indian society, and there is no doubt that it is conversationally dull, *borné*, and uncultured, but so is conversation apt to be in provincial society anywhere.

It is easy here, with English ozone in our lungs, and living, as at any rate Londoners do, in the forcing house of literature, art, science, and politics, to criticise our exiled sisters in India; in which country the subtler refinements of civilisation, which develop women in England and mould their tastes, are absent. Let the critics be wafted suddenly in June from the exhilarating freshness of English country, or the mental mill-race of London, to an Indian station, its stifling heat, darkened rooms, and swaying punkahs, and let them see if in the lightest literature is to be found anything but a powerful soporific.

A less obvious cause than that already mentioned has been suggested to me as underlying this lack of intellectual keenness among Englishwomen in India as a rule—a rule to which happily there are many exceptions. In India we find ourselves in a country and among a people where, as everywhere in Asia, tradition, religion, and inveterate custom combine to throw women entirely into the background; and it is particularly difficult for Englishwomen living among scattered groups of foreign sojourners in the land to find the material, or the opportunity, for advancing outside the strict limitations of household duty and petty social occupations. The Englishwoman as well as other women in India has to fight against the strong Asiatic prejudice which dislikes her taking part in public affairs of any kind. In this direction she has few chances and little encouragement.

But, in spite of these disadvantages and impediments, philanthropic Englishwomen are arising in these latter days, who interest themselves in schools and hospitals, both English and native, and who learn the native dialect in order to make friends with native ladies, the wives of chiefs and other native gentlemen. The English lady doctors sent out by the Society for Providing Female Medical Aid to Indian Women (better known as the Lady Dufferin Fund) are a new development of Anglo-Indian society. Their numbers are still comparatively small, but their existence certainly tends to stimulate the philanthropic and intellectual life of Englishwomen in India. These lady doctors, gaining as they do considerable acquaintance with, and insight into, the lives

of native women of all classes, and yet taking their place in the English-social life, form a link and arouse an interest between English and native women which leads to the widening and enriching of the lives of both.

Another common criticism by the globe-trotter is that "English-women in India know and care so little about India itself, its history, antiquities, architecture, and natural beauties." I cannot pretend that to this accusation many must not plead guilty (are there not many who might do likewise in England?), but I assert that there are many who have studied as much as opportunity offers the objects of beauty and interest within their reach. Many are in India years before they have the chance of leaving the most banal of English cantonments. I was lucky in having more opportunities for travel than most, and my first experience, after a year and a half in India, was at Bijapore, whose glorious tombs and mosques were intoxicating in their contrast to the modern monotony of the place I had left. We were entertained there with true hospitality by the collector and his wife. This lady drove us about in her tonga,* and showed herself complete mistress of the history of the place, and also knew every detail of ornament, every point of view of the splendid buildings. She showed us her own tracings of the carvings, and her photographs of the buildings, and offered us copies of any we particularly admired. She had been at Bijapore some years, had three or four pale children, and her husband's health was evidently on the strain. She told me that during her first year or two there she had devoted herself to the study, the fruits of which she had so kindly placed at our disposal; but I could see that, except when a passing sightseer came by, she had lost her enthusiasm for the beauties around her. At last our conversation drifted to the old subjects—exile, health, climate, home—and she said, looking at her children, "My one thought now is to keep these children alive till April year" (we were then in September), "when"—her face brightening—"we can go home for two years!" Was it wonderful that the strain of exile and anxiety had supplanted the æsthetic energy with which she had entered on her life at Bijapore?

The extent to which Englishwomen have contributed to Anglo-Indian literature is probably not known; for up to quite recent years the literature itself has attracted slight notice in this country. But some of

* A two-wheeled cart, drawn by a pair of ponies.

the best books on the social life of the English, on the everyday manners and customs of the natives, on the scenery, architecture, and even the history of India, were formerly written by our countrywomen, who have sketched lightly and agreeably their rambles and recollections, and have shown considerable appreciation of the salient features of the society around them, and of the amusing and striking characteristics of civil or military administration.

Miss Roberts wrote, some fifty years ago, a book which is still an excellent picture of Indian society at that time; Mrs. Speirs produced a work of some value on Ancient India; Mrs. Mackenzie has left on record a curious and interesting account of her experiences in the Hyderabad country; and, to come down to much later days, Mrs. Guthrie's books, *My Year in an Indian Fort* and *Life in Western India*, may be read for style and substance with much pleasure and profit at the present time. But the real interest of India centres in religion and politics, two subjects which few women have in any society shown themselves readily disposed to handle.

It is not sufficiently realised in England how with Anglo-Indians every day of leave and every spare (debased) rupee goes to take them home, patch them up for more Indian work, and keep up their connection with their children and others at home. Not 10 per cent. of the Englishwomen in India ever get the chance of seeing the Taj, or any of the great well-known sights of India. They have neither the opportunity, the money, nor the freedom of mind to go touring about India, sipping the interest and eluding the hardships as their critics, the globe-trotters, do; they therefore tend, as the years go by, to become more local-minded, as they travel about in the province to which their husbands belong. I remember two officials of some fifty-five years of age, whose term of thirty-six years' service was just over when I arrived in India. They were starting, in triumph and boyish glee, on the "grand tour"—Jeypore, Delhi, Agra, Benares, &c., they having never before been outside the Bombay Presidency! It is rare for men or women at the end of their Indian service to have enough health and energy (not to speak of pocket money, viewing the children's education in England) to start on such a tour.

I am aware that in this article I have fallen into the trap out of which every writer on India finds it difficult to keep himself. I have generalised about a country which is almost a continent, and in which the conditions of life are most various. But I have done so, to some

extent, purposely. The large majority of Indian stations are small ones, and the life in all of these has much in common with the rest, whether it be in Madras, Bombay, the Punjaub, Bengal, or the North-West provinces, though in the latter three, during four months of the year, life is made in every way more home-like by the fact that they have a real "cold weather." This expression is always used in India as a substitute for "winter," but both terms are somewhat of a mockery in Southern India. I have not attempted to describe, or to trace the difference between, the life and people in old-fashioned Madras, in go-ahead beautiful Bombay, with its population of many races and professions, in Calcutta and Simla, with their brilliant officialism, their commercial and cosmopolitan elements. I have tried to paint the conditions amidst which the average Englishwoman finds herself, and her consequent characteristics, in the many hundred stations scattered over the plains of India, past which the globe-trotter whizzes in the train, or within many days' journey of which he never goes, hardly knowing their names, or if he do, writing them off as having "nothing to be seen there." It is in these stations that the most typical Anglo-Indian lives are being led. Over the description of these lives I have perhaps thrown too dark a shadow and have dwelt, in a manner uncharacteristic of my typical Englishwoman in India, too much on the hardships and sufferings, too little on the easy social intercourse, the open-hearted friendly sympathy, the young, playful, and sporting atmosphere which make up the bright side of Anglo-Indian life. But having experienced and appreciated to the full this brighter side of the life, and its superiority in certain relations over social life in England, I yet feel strongly (and think most Anglo-Indians would do so, too) with an eminent and well-known English judge who spent a long interval in India, and who is wont to say that he never knew what luxury was until he went to live in India; and when asked "why?" replies, "Because then I knew what it was to come home and live in England."

KATHARINE LYTTELTON.

HOW TO EXCAVATE IN GREECE.

WITH the spread of interest in the past history of the human race, and in the works of art and craft which mark the successive stages of civilisation there is also naturally arising, in our age of scientific advancement, a strong curiosity on the part of those not actually engaged in research for a knowledge of the methods and processes by which scientific information is acquired. The admirer of the works of ancient Greek art is not satisfied with the contemplation of a Greek statue in a museum, he wishes also to know whence it came and how it got into that museum. And this legitimate and praiseworthy curiosity has been stimulated and fostered by the great and successful activity displayed in our days in the search after those works of ancient art by means of systematic and well-planned excavations in classic lands. The cultured masses throughout Europe have often been thrilled with unusual excitement at the news of the discovery of some work of surpassing interest and beauty which the successful excavator has snatched from where it was hidden beneath the soil of countless ages, restoring it to renewed artistic life for an appreciative humanity, and enriching the world with a new source of the highest disinterested delight. But after the first excitement, wonder, and appreciation, the question is naturally asked: How came this treasure to be found—was it chance or was it design? The excavator constantly meets with the questions: How did you make this discovery? Did you know that the object you have found was there or not? Why should you choose one spot more than another for the purpose of digging? questions which are often accompanied by an intimation that the excavator must be possessed of some unusual, if not mysterious and occult, faculty which underlies and causes his success. It is to answer these questions and to satisfy this legitimate curiosity that the following paper is written.

It is quite natural that a certain mystery should attach itself to the work of excavation, as it is also certain that, with the growth and further development of this activity in connection with the scientific study of archæology, it is more and more tending to become a sober and well-organised practical art with the constant elimination of the fortuitous elements. This use of mystery is due, in the first place, to the fact that the objects to be found lie below the earth, and at all times the underground region has a touch of the weird and the mysterious. Furthermore, the work of the modern archæologist is in some way associated with that of the legendary treasure-seeker, round whom there always hovers a mist of romance; and the spice of uncertainty, of the gambler's luck, if not of danger, adds a flavour to the whole. But the relation between treasure-seeking and scientific excavation depends not merely upon association, but upon historical fact. In many places the greedy treasure-seeker developed into the purely scientific investigator, and even in the present day, in Greece and elsewhere, the two go side by side, and their actual work in digging is almost the same; only that the one does illegitimately and with the lust of gain what in the other is authorised and emanates from a pure love of truth. This step from the lower to the higher, from the craving to possess to the desire of knowledge and contemplation, from sordid passion to pure thought, is not unprecedented in the intellectual history of man. To quote but one instance out of many, the modern science of chemistry, with all its ramifications, has emancipated itself from the trammels of alchemy, with all its mystery, which was chiefly fed by the desire to produce the precious metals by means of which man procures power and pleasure. And as in modern chemistry the worker has freed himself from the personal profit which swayed his mediæval predecessor, so the mystery which hovered round the ancient laboratory has more and more given way to the enduring respect which accompanies conscientious and honest effort.

Still, a certain element of mystery which adds a charm to the work of excavation will not, and need not, be entirely dispelled from such work. It is due to the surroundings and conditions of the excavation itself, and to the fact that the objects so eagerly sought after belong to the remote ages of men that are no more. Who could dismiss from his mind the feelings of thrilling reminiscences when the spade has cleared away what stands between him and the actual life and handiwork of the Greeks of the age of Pericles, with their highest thoughts and

aspirations that thrilled those great men more than two thousand years ago, fixed in the harmonious forms of lasting marble, side by side with the speaking evidences of their humble daily life, the athletic implements of a boy, and the plaything of a girl. Never has the present writer felt this mystical and romantic element of the treasure-seeker more than when, overtaken by the night, and excavating an ancient grave which could not be left unexplored for fear of the possible treasures it contained being stolen, he had to continue the work for some hours by the light of a lantern: the stillness of the night, the stretch of the plain merging on the one side into the sea which fitfully sent the sound of a plashing wave against the shore, and on the other checked in its mysterious expanse by the dim outlines of giant hills, and before one the deep gaping wound struck into the breast of the silent and secretive mother earth, in which she had hidden for centuries those who had proudly trod her generous fields and had beautified her fairest realms with the noblest work of man's boldest spirit—the figure of the grave-digger, in the flickering light of the lantern, crouching within the stone tomb sunk deep into the dark chasm, cautiously, but all too slowly for those who were watching, working away with knife and finger the accumulated earth which held fast the delicate and brittle objects with which the survivors had honoured their departed kinsman; the hope, the impatience, the awe and fear of what looked like sacrilege, all magnified and intensified by the sanctity of the spot and by the stillness of the night, added a sense of mystery such as we do not often feel in this sober and active life of ours.

Yet though the work of the archæologist may bring with it such poetical charms, the fact remains that he must counteract all such elements of mysticism, in so far as they may endanger the sobriety of his scientific investigation. Nor is his attitude of mind in any way that of the treasure-seeker who is hunting for objects of value which he wishes himself to possess, as little as the scientific chemist is endeavouring directly to convert his intellectual acquirements into gold. His ultimate object is to know the past, and by every discovery immediately to increase the material by which we gain the fullest apprehension of antiquity. None of the objects at this moment discovered in the scientific excavations of foreign archæologists in Greece belong to those excavators or to the bodies which they represent. Before the costly excavations of the ancient site of Delphi, which the French school at Athens is now about to undertake, could be begun, the whole village of

Kastri, which stands upon the ancient site, had to be bought up by the excavators, to whom none of the objects they may discover will belong. But so strong has been the association of the ancient treasure-seeker in the minds of the public, that it is hard for them to realise how such a sacrifice of money and of energy could be bestowed upon this undertaking without the retention of some of the treasure that might be brought to light. And they can hardly realise how the two national archæological institutions of France and America should have vied in friendly rivalry to obtain the privilege of making such a sacrifice. But if they realise that the end of such investigation is the desire to study and to know fully the most interesting objects in man's history, as the work of the naturalist and the astronomer is to study nature; and that the ruling higher instincts which lead to such effort are, in both cases, the desire for knowledge and truth, there will be no further cause for this undue astonishment. If a certain unique phenomenon in the relation of certain stars could only be studied by the astronomer from one definite point in one country, and the privilege of observing this unique phenomenon in the world's history were offered to some nation in a position to fulfil the task, we should not be astonished if the nation to whom it was granted regarded this as a great privilege, and made considerable sacrifice to send its expedition and to erect apparatus for astronomical observation. The site of the oracle at Delphi is such a unique constellation in the history of man's life, and the interest of studying it, and the privilege of restoring it to the whole cultured world, are sufficiently great to enable us to dispense with the desire of possessing these works, as readily as we forego the desire of holding and possessing the stars.

Archæology has thus become a branch of pure historical science and with this establishment of wholly scientific aims, it is more and more developing a system of methodical proceeding in the work of excavation.

Having realised this fundamental character of the excavator's art, the first question is asked: How he knows where he is to dig, how he selects a site? Now, as far as Greece is concerned, the work which for years has been done by explorers adds greatly to the simplification of his task at this stage. The most important books on ancient topography are, of course, those written in the ancient time itself. Among these, the most valuable are the descriptive works of such travellers as Pausanias and Strabo. The former of these, who has aptly been called the ancient Baedeker, lived in the time of the Antonines, when the great structure of ancient beliefs was beginning to crumble away. He was an upholder

of the old Pagan faith, of wonderful credulity, and thus his book is often encumbered with digressions into irrelevant tales about the sanctity of certain sites, and uncritical medleys of legends and traditions for which he appears often to have relied upon the ignorant accounts of local guides. But in spite of his numerous defects, Pausanias remains to the archæologist one of the most important sources for information concerning the sites of ancient life and the records of the treasures of art contained in them. Every archæologist must be familiar with his work or must consult it on every occasion on which he intends to begin excavations.

But in modern times, beginning with the Renaissance, there have been numerous explorers of ancient Hellas, who have themselves been more or less conversant with the records of ancient authors ; and we thus have before us a large literature dealing with every portion of ancient classical lands, and giving more or less trustworthy accounts and hypotheses with regard to the sites of the ancient centres of civilisation. Without doubt the most important, in fact the indispensable work on this subject has been, is, and will remain for some time to come, the various topographical works of the late Colonel Leake. Considering the enormous extent of the ground he has covered in a comparatively short time, it is astounding to find how accurate are his records, and the numerous plans and maps which illustrate his works. It has been the experience of others, as it has of the writer, to find that, after many weeks of work and surveying of but one of the numerous districts described in Colonel Leake's book, they have hardly been able to find any slip or error in his accounts, nor to add much to what he has given. But since the days of Colonel Leake numerous explorers of all nations, and especially the activity emanating from, and fostered by, the different national institutions of archæology at Athens, have greatly added to the store of information we already possessed. I may draw especial attention to the work of the French and Austrian explorers within the last few years in Asia Minor, to the work of Mr. Sterrett, of the American School, in Phrygia, and especially to the work of Professor Ramsay, of Aberdeen, and his associates in the same districts.

Now, with all this preparatory work done, the explorer finds that most of the important sites of the ancient world are more or less adequately fixed. There are of course some cases about which considerable doubt remains, and in others, though the spot may be known in a general way, it is only the pick and the spade which can determine where

an interesting edifice within the circumference of one great city or district may lie buried.

The next source of information which must be taken in connection with the foregoing, are the numerous accounts of the greater and minor works of art to be found, not only in the books of travel referred to, but also in the treatises and passages on the lives and work of Greek artists, and in the stray allusions to such works or masters scattered throughout the whole of Greek literature, both in poetry and prose. This work has been greatly simplified for the archæologist by such a collection of passages as have been given by Sillig and Overbeck in which the works of ancient artists are tabulated in comprehensive groups.

In addition, therefore, to the careful study of the books on ancient topography, the archæologist who is about to excavate and who is looking for an interesting site, will tabulate for himself those sites in which, according to ancient records, he has hopes of finding the works of greatest interest. But here, too, there will be many considerations of a theoretical and a practical nature which he will have to bear in mind. If, for instance, he is chiefly desirous of finding works of ancient sculpture, I believe that from *a priori* reasons, formed on the results of previous excavations, he will be more likely to find them in places where his literary sources indicate an abundance of works dating from the fourth century B.C. and later, than where there are the works of the highest period, namely, the fifth century B.C. For we must not forget that the great and representative statues by Phidias and Polykleitos were nearly all of gold and ivory or of bronze ; and with the ravages of time and the greed for such materials manifested by the barbarian hordes who swept over the ancient world in later times, works of these materials are not likely to have been preserved. On the other hand, the material used by the great artists of the fourth century B.C., especially Skopas and Praxiteles, was marble ; and this material did not in the same way attract the destructive rapacity of the invaders. The only well authenticated cultus-statues by a great artist which we possess—I mean the statues that formed the central symbol of worship in an ancient temple —are a group of four colossal marble statues of Demeter and Persephone, together with Artemis and Anytas, by a very distinguished artist of the fourth century, Damophon, of Messene. These works were discovered by the Greek excavators under Mr. Kavvadias the year before last, at Lykosura in Arkadia, in an interred ruined temple, where Pausanias saw them and described them two thousand years ago. They are in many

respects the most interesting and beautiful works that have come down to us. Yet I doubt whether they ever would have been preserved had they been of bronze, and still less had they been of gold and ivory.

In addition to these facts, furthermore, the archæologist must acquaint himself, as far as possible, with the post-classical history of the district in which he intends to dig. For it need hardly be mentioned that a district which has been comparatively uninhabited and not subjected to the incursions of hostile hordes, is more likely to have preserved its ancient monuments than one which has been subjected to frequent inroads.

All this preparatory work the archæologist can, and must do in his study; but after this begins that portion of the work in which no doubt a certain predisposition and aptness for the more practical side of the art of excavating will be of influence. For, after having prepared his choice by the study of works on topography and the literary records concerning the repositories of ancient works of art and the history of the districts which contain them, he must, in addition to this, examine the nature of the soil and explore it carefully after he has thus hit upon a probable site. It must almost be laid down as an axiom that, where there is little soil, there are but few treasures of ancient objects; and if the rock peep through it, and there is not much trace of a thick layer of soil, which would contain the ancient monuments, the conditions for the excavator are not favourable.

At this moment the writer is weighing in his mind the claims of two desirable sites, either of which he has the opportunity of excavating; the one, as far as the testimony of ancient writers goes, containing more works by celebrated ancient artists than the other. But the less promising site, as regards the works which we know ought to have been there at one time, is situated in a depression surrounded by hills between which a rapid stream has run down into this valley. In some fields, which appear to contain the market-place of the ancient town, the soil must have been washed down from the hills and probably has preserved a large number of the remains of the works which were originally there. The other site does not manifest the same thickness of soil, and has moreover, been subjected to more frequent incursions by the barbarian hordes who overran and settled in this country. Now, the chance of finding one of the great works of art which we know to have been housed in this last mentioned place might warrant our disregarding the smaller chances of discovery which at first impress themselves upon the excava-

tor who looks at the site; still, he will have to weigh with much deliberation this important aspect of the question.

To become still more definite, the excavator will have to distinguish between the natural and artificial elevations; and this is a delicate task which requires considerable experience. Very often a hillock with a level top will owe its form to quite natural causes, while, if one has other reasons for suspecting it to be the sacred circuit of some temple, the smooth plateau and a certain regularity in its rise with regard to the surrounding plane may lead one to choose this as the site of the operations. And while travelling in these lands, as the eye of the naturalist or the sportsman is continually trained in looking for the sites which interest them, so the archæologist will always seek, and sometimes find, features which have written on the brow that there is poetry in the heart.

But in many, if not in most cases, the indications are still more definite; a chance pillar projecting out of the soil, well-worked stones strewn about a field, some letters of an inscription immured in the wall of a miserable hut, all these may be the keys to the revelation of great secrets, if only the traveller knows how to use them. He will have to examine carefully the working of the stray architectural block, the fluting of a column, the fragment of a capital; nay, the form of the dowel-hole will enable him to fix the date and to confirm the suppositions which topography and reading may lead him to form.

But there are still more fortuitous circumstances which have often led to important discoveries. All Greek peasants are clandestine excavators; and as the laws absolutely forbid the exportation of objects of antiquity, they bring their wares secretly to the Athenian dealers, who again, with much secrecy and caution, offer them for sale. Now, it is a great misfortune to science that the laws in their present state, while not effectively preserving for Greece the works thus disinterred, make it generally impossible to discover the source whence the objects thus sold emanate. We have reason to hope that these laws will soon be amended. But when the provenance of such works can be discovered, it may often lead the excavator to most important sites. Thus, for instance, a few years ago, the members of the German school at Athens were struck by a large number of small bronze bulls that were continuously offered for sale by the dealers at Athens. They were able to trace them to Boeotia and a spot near Thebes, and thus succeeded in excavating the interesting temple of Kabiri, in that district. The information

that many of the beautiful objects of art, vases and bronzes, came from Eretria in Euboea, was one of the several causes which led the writer to select Eretria as the site for the excavations of the American school during the spring of this year.

Having thus selected the site, the next question is, how to begin the actual excavations. But before this is done it is necessary to obtain the authority from the Greek Government, which has a Department of Excavation and Museums in the Ministry of Public Instruction, and which the writer has always found eager to further the work of foreign archæologists. An *ephor*, or superintendent, and an *epistates*, or guardian, are then sent with the expedition to look after the interests of the Greek Government; and one or both of these are constantly present during the excavations. The next task (and a very troublesome one it is) is the actual taking possession of the land itself. If the site be private property, there is no end to the difficulties, often disheartening, which meet the attempt at coming to an agreement with the proprietor. But fortunately much of the land in Greece is the property of the State or of the monasteries (which amounts to the same), and the peasants are merely tenants or squatters. Compensation for the crops that may be destroyed is often a comparatively simple matter.

Besides the personal outfit of the excavator, it is well that he should provide himself with a good stock of proper tools: picks and spades with long and short handles, and a large number of the native rush baskets for carrying earth. He will generally be able to find workmen among the poor peasantry of the neighbouring village. They are, on the whole, kindly and frugal, and, with three rests, two of half an hour and one of an hour, they work from about six in the morning till six in the evening for the average pay of from two and a-half to three drachmas, or Greek francs, per diem. These people have the most striking characteristic of all the Greek peasantry and people, a really childlike disposition; and they possess both the virtues and faults of children. But it is always advisable to add to this corps of workmen a small number of hands practised at excavating, generally to be found at Athens, to whom one gives larger wages. But in all cases it will be necessary that one member of the exploring body be always on the spot, and watch every movement of the workmen. This is not only to avoid the possible childlike confusion between the *meum* and *tuum* which is not an uncommon failing of these workmen; but also because they

may cast aside as worthless some fragment of pottery or bit of stone which may become an important piece of evidence, and because it is desirable for the excavator himself to see the nature of the different strata as his work proceeds downward. The workman also is frequently discouraged (for they all share the excitement of digging), and he will then inform you that he has reached the native soil, when he really has not.

Very useful guides for excavations on extensive sites are furnished by the numerous Byzantine churches which abound on Greek soil. These early Christians generally, and naturally, chose for the sites of their settlements ancient Greek cities and sanctuaries; and maintained a curious continuity in the building of their churches; inasmuch as they did not only build these upon, or in the immediate vicinity of, some ancient Pagan shrine, but even generally kept up the tradition of the spot in choosing as their votive saint one who, in character or in sound of name, was nearest to the ancient divinity there worshipped. But, what is still more important, they would frequently use ancient stones, fragments of statues and inscriptions, as material for building; and thus, among these ruined walls of the Christian churches, one may hope to find, if not the interesting works themselves, at least some indication of the nature of the edifice hidden below its foundations. It is thus well to begin excavating within, or near by, some such ruined church; though, as far as is possible, the walls of these interesting records of an important period must be preserved, and in every case a ground plan of the church must be made. In our excavations at the ancient Platæa, for instance, there were no less than eight such churches scattered about the site, which is clearly discernible through the more or less ruined walls of the city, about three miles in extent. In endeavouring within this large circuit to hit upon one of the several interesting edifices of which the ancient topographical authorities give a fairly accurate account, these ruined churches formed the proper point of departure. But it will illustrate the difficulties and disappointments with which the excavator must be prepared to meet, if I record that, during two seasons of excavation there, though some important inscriptions and interesting remains were discovered, we were not able to find and identify any one of the sites which were the objects of our excavation. It was only a few months ago that Mr. H. S. Washington, one of the members of the American school at Athens, who had previously taken part in the excavations, succeeded, after a third attempt, in finding the remains of a very ancient

temple which promises to be the shrine of Hera, so important a point in the famous battle against the Persians.

In beginning such excavations, by clearing away the surface rubbish and stones, one generally at first runs two trenches cutting each other at right angles over the whole extent of the spot one is immediately exploring. But it will always be important that these trenches should be dug deep down until one reaches the natural soil. Here one is likely to come upon some wall which must then be traced to its whole extent. Not unfrequently the wall which one first strikes is of a later date, belonging to Byzantine or later Roman times. And though, as far as possible, one must make it a principle not to destroy whatever remains one may meet with one must proceed downwards, and will very frequently find structures of an earlier period below it. Naturally sometimes one has a whole network of confusing structures, the dates of which it is often difficult to determine. But here it is that practical archæological study is an absolute requisite, for an experienced archæologist has means of readily distinguishing a Byzantine from a Roman, and a Roman from a Greek wall. And it is becoming more and more possible, with the growth of systematic and scientific investigation owing to such good work as is now being done by Dr. Doerpfeld, to discover the distinguishing features between the architectural structures of the different periods of Greek work. So, too, in the case of ancient tombs, one frequently, I may almost say, generally, finds graves of different periods superimposed one above the other, and here again we are becoming more able to distinguish the essential features of the graves of each different epoch. But while this work is proceeding, coupled with the minute and constant observation of each smallest indication in the nature of the soil and of the fragmentary remains, whether of a wall or a trifling piece of pottery, the excavator must constantly have ready in his mind all the literary, artistic, and mythological associations connected with the site he is excavating. He may thus convert what appears but a trifling accident into a point of great import and design.

Mr. J. T. Wood's discovery of the great temple of Artemis at Ephesus (the Diana of the Ephesians), to which the British Museum owes some of its finest treasures, is a striking instance of this. An account of this discovery is given in Mr. Wood's book, *Discovery of Ephesus*, and in Sir Charles Newton's essay on that subject in his *Essays on Art and Archæology*. Digging at the theatre within the extensive precinct of ancient Ephesus as fixed by topographers, Mr. Wood came

upon an inscription which is one of the longest ever found in Asia Minor. It records how a certain Vibius Salutarius dedicates some gold and silver statues to Artemis. There are many interesting enactments contained in it; but the important information referred to the use to be made of them in the procession from the temple to the theatre, during which the Ephebi are to receive the objects at the Magnesian Gate and to accompany them after the assembly to the Koressian Gate. Now the excavator found the Magnesian Gate. He proceeded to look for the portico built by the sophist Damianos in the second century A.D., which led from that gate to the temple, and which was designed to protect from bad weather those who took part in the procession. Mr. Wood succeeded in finding the line of this portico for some distance outside the city. It followed the line of an ancient road, and pointed in the direction of the plain towards Ayasoluk. Another road tended in the same direction, starting from a gate near the stadium, which he rightly assumed to be the Koressian Gate. With these points, he at last came upon a wall which proved to be that of the sacred enclosure of the temple, and the continuance of the excavations has yielded the prizes we now possess.

The actual process of excavating is still very simple and rudimentary. The men generally work in batches of four, one using the pick, the other the spade, while two carry the earth on their shoulders in rush baskets. They are of course inclined to linger over their work and must constantly be urged on. But it is striking to see how they increase in eagerness and vigour when they hit upon any indications of actual remains. And even the new hands very soon learn how to regulate their work with caution when there is any danger of destroying some fragile article. The pick of an experienced digger is almost as sensitive as his hand, and he appears to arrest the stroke mid-way when it meets with some strange body. When once it appears that such an object is near, knives and small picks and hands are used with great caution, and here the excavator himself, if not driven by eager curiosity, will be urged by caution to try his own hand at bringing to light any such object.

In the excavation of graves but a few men can be employed at any one time. After the actual grave has been reached a very small pick for the hard earth is used, while a pliable knife and one's own hands serve gradually to clear away the earth which surrounds the vases, statuettes, and articles of adornment which are here to be found. These

objects are generally placed at the head and foot of the body; and thus one begins by clearing away the earth in the middle of the coffin itself, and then crouching carefully in this clear spot, proceeds to work forward and backward. In the excavation of these tombs the old and simple system will still have to be retained, but in larger excavations there must be introduced improvements which will certainly economise much labour. The wheel-barrow has for some time taken the place of the baskets, though it is curious to see how at first the labourers are unable to use this simple apparatus. They will begin by carrying it three or four men together, and then three men will endeavour to wheel it along the ground without raising it at all, but they of course can soon be taught how to use it. In his last season's work, Dr. Schliemann used a small tramway with carts, and I have no doubt that some of the processes used in mining undertakings, perhaps even the use of water power, might, with great profit, be applied to such larger excavations as the one about to be undertaken at Delphi. The Greek authorities were eagerly looking forward to the possible undertaking of this promising work by the Americans, because they also hoped to see demonstrated to them novel and practical methods of actual excavation.

We need hardly dwell upon the interest and excitement of such work. The uncertainty yields an element of the sportsman's excitement, purified, if not intensified, by the consciousness of high intellectual and moral aims. But with this excitement there is also a great call upon the exertion of patience and perseverance; for days and weeks of unsuccess make it hard to fight against discouragement, which is not necessarily dispelled by the continuous absence of the comforts to which the excavator has been accustomed in his normal life, in a warm and clean house and good bed and with regular food. But the promise of great results with important bearings upon our knowledge of the most interesting period in man's history, warrant any amount of sacrifice. And Greece proper and all the other districts of the ancient Hellenic world are honey-combed with the treasures we value most highly. We are, I hold, but at the beginning of successful excavation. The last few years have yielded more than any previous decades; and I venture to predict that for more than a century there will be ample opportunity for successful work in Greece without exhausting the numerous sites that still invite the competent and enthusiastic archæologist.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

EMERALD UTHWART.

WE smile at epitaphs—at those recent enough to be read easily: smile, for the most part, at what for the most part is an unreal and often vulgar branch of literature; yet a wide one, with its flowers here or there, such as make us regret now and again not to have gathered more carefully in our wanderings a fair average of the like. Their very simplicity, of course, may set one's thoughts in motion to fill up the scanty tale, and those of the young at least are almost always worth while. At Siena, for instance, in the great Dominican church, even with the impassioned work of Sodoma at hand, you may linger in a certain dimly lit chapel to spell out the black-letter memorials of the German students who died here—*ætatis flore!*—at the University, famous early in the last century: young nobles chiefly, far from the Rhine from Nuremberg, or Leipsic. Note one in particular! Loving parents, and elder brother meant to record carefully the very days of the lad's poor life—*annos, menses, dies:* sent the order, doubtless, from the distant old castle in the Fatherland, but not quite explicitly: the spaces for the numbers remain still unfilled; and they never came to see. After two centuries the omission is not to be rectified; and the young man's memorial has perhaps its propriety as it stands, with those un-numbered, or numberless, days. "Full of affections," observed, once upon a time, a great lover of boys and young men, speaking to a large company of them:—"full of affections, full of powers, full of occupation, how naturally might the younger part of us especially (more naturally than the older) receive the tidings that there are things to be loved and things to be done which shall never pass away. We feel strong, we feel active, we feel full of life; and these feelings do not altogether deceive us, for we shall live for ever. We see a long prospect before us, for which it is worth while to work, even with much labour; for we are as yet young, and the past portion of our lives is but small in comparison of that which probably remains to us. It is most true! The past

years of our life are absolutely beyond proportion small in comparison with those which certainly remain to us."

In a very different neighbourhood, here at home, in a remote Sussex churchyard, you may read that Emerald Uthwart was born on such a day, "at Chase Lodge, in this parish; and died there," on a day in the year 18—, aged twenty-six: think, thereupon, of the years of a very English existence passed without a lost week in that bloomy English place, amid its English lawns and flower-beds, its oldish brick and raftered plaster. You may see it still, not far off, on a clearing of the wooded hill-side sloping gradually to the sea. But you think wrong. Emerald Uthwart, in almost unbroken absence from his home, longed greatly for it, but left it early and came back there only to die, in disgrace, as he conceived; of which it was he died there, finding the sense of the place all around him at last, like blessed oil in one's wounds.

How they shook their musk from them!—those gardens, among which the youngest son, but not the youngest child, grew up, little considered till he returned there in those last years. The rippling note of the birds he distinguished so acutely seemed a part of this tree-less place, open freely to sun and air, such as rose and carnation loved, in the midst of the old disafforested chase. Brothers and sisters, all alike were gardeners, methodically intimate with their flowers. You need words compact rather of perfume than of colour to describe them, in nice annual order: terms for perfume, as immediate and definite as red, purple, and yellow. Flowers there were which seemed to yield their sweetest in the faint sea-salt, when the loosening wind was strong from the south-west: some which found their way slowly towards the neighbourhood of the old oaks and beech-trees. Others consorted most freely with the wall-fruit, or seemed made for *pot-pourri* to sweeten the old black mahogany furniture. The sweet-pea stacks loved the broad path through the kitchen garden: the old-fashioned garden azalea was the making of a nosegay, with its honey which clung to one's finger. There were flowers all the sweeter for a battle with the rain: a flower like aromatic medicine: another like summer lingering into winter; it ripened as fruit does: and another was like August, his own birthday time, dropped into March.

The very mould here, rich old black gardener's earth, was flower-seed; and beyond, the fields, one after another, through the white gates breaking the well-grown hedge-rows, were hardly less garden-like: little

velvety fields, little with the true sweet English littleness of our little island, our land of vignettes. Here, all was little: the very church where they went to pray, to sit, the ancient Uthwarts sleeping all around outside under the windows, deposited there as quietly as fallen trees on their native soil, and almost unrecorded, as there had been almost nothing to record; where, however, Sunday after Sunday, Emerald Uthwart reads, wondering, the solitary memorial of one soldierly member of his race, who had,—well! who had *not* died here at home, in his bed. How wretched! how fine! how inconceivably great and difficult!—not for him! And yet, amid all its littleness, how large his sense of liberty in the place he, the cadet doomed to leave it—his birth-place, where he is also so early to die—had loved better than any one of them. Enjoying hitherto all the freedom of the almost grown-up brothers, the unrepressed noise, the unchecked hours, the old rooms, all their own way, he is literally without the consciousness of rule. Only, when the long irresponsible day is over, amid the dew, the odours, of summer twilight, they roll their cricket field against to-morrow's game. So it had always been with the Uthwarts: they never went to school. In the great attic he has chosen for himself Emerald awakes,—it was a rule, sanitary, almost medical, never to rouse the children: rises to play betimes; or, if he choose, with window flung open to the roses, the sea, turns to sleep again, deliberately, deliciously, under the fine old blankets.

A rather sensuous boy! you may suppose, amid the wholesome, natural self-indulgence of a very English home. His days began there: it closed again, after an interval of the larger number of them, indulgently, mercifully, round his end. For a while he became its centre, old habits changing, the old furniture re-arranged about him, for the first time in many generations, though he left it now with something like resentment in his heart, as if thrust harshly away, sent *ablactatus a matre*: made an effort thereon to snap the last thread which bound him to it. Yet it would come back upon him sometimes, amid so different a scene, as through a suddenly opened door, or a rent in the wall, with softer thoughts of his people,—there, or *not* there,—and a sudden, dutiful effort on his part to rekindle wasting affection.

The youngest of four sons, but not the youngest of the family!—you conceive the sort of negligence that creeps over even the kindest maternities, in such case; unless, perhaps, sickness, or the sort of misfortune, making the last first for the affectionate, that brought

Emerald back at length to die contentedly, interferes with the way of nature. Little by little he comes to understand that, while the brothers are indulged with lessons at home, are some of them free even of these and placed already in the world, where, however, there remains no place for him, he is to go to school, chiefly for the convenience of others—they are going to be much away from home!—that now for the first time, as he says to himself, an old-English Uthwart is to pass under the yoke. The tutor in the house, meantime, aware of some fascination in the lad, teaches him, at his own irregularly chosen hours, more carefully than the others: exerts all his gifts for the purpose, winning him on almost insensibly to youthful proficiency in those difficult rudiments. See him as he stands, seemingly rooted in the spot where he has come to flower! He departs, however, a few days before the departure of the rest,—some to foreign parts, the brothers, who shut up the old place, to town. For a moment, he makes an effort to figure to himself those coming absences as but exceptional intervals in his life here: he will count the days, going more quickly so: find his pleasure in watching the sands fall, as even the sands of time at school must. In fact, he was scarcely ever to lie at ease here again, till he came to take his final leave of it, lying at his length so. In brief holidays he rejoins his people, anywhere, anyhow, in a sort of hurry and makeshift:—*Flos Parietis!* thus carelessly plucked forth. Emerald Uthwart was born on such a day "at Chase Lodge, in this parish, and died there."

See him then as he stands! counting now the hours that remain on the eve of that first emigration, and look away next at the other place, which through centuries has been forming to receive him: from those garden-beds, now at their richest, but where all is so winsomely little, to that place of "great matters," great stones, great memories out of reach. Why! the Uthwarts had scarcely had more memories than their woods, noiselessly deciduous; or their pre-historic, entirely unprogressive, unrecording forefathers, in, or before, the days of the Druids. Centuries of almost "still" life—of birth, death, and the rest, as merely natural processes—had made them and their home what we find them. Centuries of conscious endeavour, on the other hand, had builded, shaped, and coloured the place, a small cell, which Emerald Uthwart was now to occupy; a place such as our most characteristic English education has rightly tended to "find itself a house" in,—a place full, for those who came within its influence, of a will of its own. Here, everything, one's very games, have gone by rule onwards from the dim old monastic

days, and the Benedictine school for novices with the wholesome severities which have descended to our own time. Like its customs,—there's a book in the cathedral archives with the names, for centuries past, of the "scholars" who have missed church at the proper times for going there — like its customs, well-worn yet well-preserved, time-stained, time-engrained, time-mellowed, the venerable Norman or English stones of this austere, beautifully proportioned place look like marble, to which Emerald's softly nurtured being, his careless wild-growth, must now adapt itself, though somewhat painfully recoiling from contact with what seems so hard also, and bright, and cold. From his native world of soft garden touches, carnation and rose (they had been everywhere in those last weeks) where everyone did just what he liked, he was passed now to this world of grey stone; and here it was always the decisive word of command. That old warrior Uthwart's record in the church at home, so fine, yet so wretched, so unspeakably great and difficult! seemed written here everywhere around him, as he stood feeling himself fit only to be taught, to be drilled into, his small compartment; in every movement of his companions, with their quaint confining little cloth gowns: in the keen, clear, well-authorised dominancy of some, the instant submission of others. In fact, by one of our wise English compromises, we still teach our so modern boys the Classics: a lesson in attention and patience, at the least. Nay! by a double compromise, with delightful physiognomic results sometimes, we teach them their pagan Latin and Greek under the shadow of mediæval church-towers, amid the haunts, the traditions, and with something of the discipline, of monasticism; for which, as is noticeable, the English have never wholly lost an early inclination. The French, and others, have swept their scholastic houses empty of it, with pedantic fidelity to their theories. English pedants may succeed in doing the like. But the result of our older method has had its value so far, at least, say! for the careful æsthetic observer. It is of such diagonal influences, through complication of influence, that expression comes, in life, in our culture, in the very faces of men and boys,—of these boys. Nothing could better harmonise present with past than the sight of them just here, as they shout at their games, or recite their lessons, over-arched by the work of mediæval priors, or pass to church meekly, into the seats occupied by the young monks before them.

If summer comes reluctantly to our English shores, it is also apt to linger with us;—its *flora* of red and gold leaves on the branches well-nigh to Christmas: the hot days that surprise you, and persist, though

heralded by white mornings, hinting that it is but the year's indulgence so to deal with us. To the fanciful, such days may seem most at home in the places where England has thus preferred to locate the somewhat pensive education of its more favoured youth. As Uthwart passes through the old ecclesiastical city, upon which any more modern touch, modern door or window, seems a thing out of place through negligence, the diluted sunlight itself seems driven along with a sparing trace of gilded vane or red tile in it, under the wholesome active wind from the East coast. The long, finely weathered, leaden roof, and the great square tower, gravely magnificent, emphatic from the first view of it over the grey down above the hop-gardens, the gently-watered meadows, dwarf now everything beside: have the bigness of nature's work, seated up there so steadily amid the winds, as rain and fog and heat pass by. More and more persistently, as he proceeds, in the "Green Court" at last, they occupy the outlook. He is shown the narrow cubicle in which he is to sleep; and there it still is, with nothing else, in the window-pane, as he lies:—"our tower," the "Angel Steeple," noblest of its kind. Here, from morning to night, everything seems challenged to follow the upward lead of its long, bold, "perpendicular" lines. The very place one is in, its stone-work, its empty spaces, invade you; invade all who belong to them, as Uthwart belongs, yielding wholly from the first: seem to question you masterfully as to your purpose in being here at all, amid the great memories of the past, of this school:—challenge you, so to speak, to make moral philosophy one of your acquirements, if you can, and to systematise your vagrant self; which, however, will in any case be here systematised for you. In Uthwart, then, is the plain tablet, for the influences of place to inscribe. Say, if you will, that he is under the power of an "embodied ideal," somewhat repellent, but which he cannot despise. He sits in the schoolroom—ancient, transformed chapel of the pilgrims: sits in the sober white and brown place, at the heavy old desks, carved this way and that, crowded as an old churchyard with forgotten names, side by side with sympathetic, or antipathetic, competitors, as it may chance. In a delightful, exactly measured, quarter of an hour's rest, they come about him, seem to wish to be friends at once, good and bad alike, dull and clever: wonder a little at the name, and the owner. A family name—he explains, good-humouredly: tries to tell some story no one could ever remember precisely of the ancestor from whom it came, the one story of the Uthwarts: is spared; nay! petulantly forbidden to proceed. But the name sticks the faster. Nicknames

mark, for the most part, popularity. *Emerald!* so every one called Uthwart, but shortened to *Aldy*. They disperse: flock out into the court: acquaint him hastily with the curiosities of the Precincts, the "dark entry," the rich heraldries of the blackened and mouldering cloister, the ruined overgrown spaces where the old monastery stood, the stones of which furnished material for the rambling prebends' houses, now "antediluvian" in their turn: are ready also to climb the scaffold-poles always to be found somewhere about the great church, or dive along the odd, secret passages of the old builders, with quite learned explanations (being proud of, and therefore painstaking, about the place) of architectural periods, of Gothic "late" and "early," layer upon layer, down to round-arched "Norman," like the famous staircase of their school.

The reader comprehends that Uthwart was come where the *genius loci* was a strong one, with a claim to mould all who enter it to a perfect, uninquiring, willing or unwilling, conformity to itself. On Saturday half-holidays the scholars are taken to church in their surplices, across the court, under the lime-trees: emerge at last up the dark winding passages into the melodious, mellow-lighted space, always three days behind the temperature outside, so thick are the walls;—how warm and nice! how cool and nice! The choir, to which they glide in order to their places below the clergy, seems conspicuously cold and sad. But the empty chapels lying beyond it all about into the distance are a trap on sunny mornings for the clouds of yellow effulgence. The Angel Steeple is a lantern within, and sheds down a flood of the like just beyond the gates. You can peep up into it where you sit, if you dare to gaze about you. If at home there had been nothing great, here, to boyish sense, one seems diminished to nothing at all, amid the grand waves, wave upon wave, of patiently-wrought stone; the daring height, the daring severity, of the innumerable, long, upward, ruled lines, rigidly bent just at last, in due place, into the reserved grace of the perfect Gothic arch; the peculiar daylight which seemed to come from further than the light outside. Next morning they are here again. In contrast to those irregularly broken hours at home, the passive length of things impresses Uthwart now. It develops patience,—that tale of hours, the long chanted English service: our English manner of education is a development of patience, of decorous and mannerly patience. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth: he putteth his mouth in the dust, he keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon

him."—They have this for an anthem ; sung, however, to wonderfully cheerful and sprightly music, as if one liked the thought.

The aim of a veritable community, says Plato, is not that this or that member of it should be disproportionately at ease, but that the whole should flourish ; though, indeed, such general welfare might come round again to the loyal unit therein, and rest with him, as a privilege of his individual being after all. The social type he preferred, as we know, was conservative Sparta and its youth ; whose unsparing discipline had, doubtless, something to do with the fact that it was the handsomest and best-formed in all Greece. A school is not made for one. It would misrepresent Uthwart's wholly unconscious humility to say that he felt the beauty of the *ascêsis* (we need that Greek word) to which he not merely finds himself subject, but as under a fascination submissively yields himself, although another might have been aware of the charm of it, half ethic, half physical, as visibly effective in him. Its peculiarity would have lain in the expression of a stress upon him and his customary daily existence, beyond what any definitely proposed issue of it, at least for the moment, explained. Something of that is involved in the very idea of a classical education, at least for such as he ; in its seeming indirectness or lack of purpose, amid so much difficulty, as contrasted with forms of education more obviously useful or practical. He found himself in a system of fixed rules, amid which, it might be, some of his own tendencies and inclinations would die out of him through disuse. The confident word of command, the instantaneous obedience expected, the enforced silence, the very games that go by rule, a sort of hardness natural to wholesome English youths when they come together, but here *de rigueur* as a point of good manners:—he accepts all these without hesitation ; the early hours also, naturally distasteful to him, which gave to actual morning, to all that had passed in it, when in more self-conscious mood he looked back on the morning of life, a preponderance, a disproportionate place there, adding greatly to the effect of its dreamy distance from him at this later time:—an *ideal* quality, he might have said, had he ever used such words as that.

Uthwart duly passes his examination ; and, in their own chapel in the transept of the choir, lighted up late for evening prayer after the long day of trial, is received to the full privileges of a Scholar with the accustomed Latin words:—*Introitum tuum, et exitum tuum, custodiat Dominus !* He takes them, not to heart, but rather to mind, as few, if they so much as heard them, were wont to do : ponders them for a

while. They seem scarcely meant for him,—words like those! increase, however, his sense of responsibility to the place, of which he is now more exclusively than before a part—that he belongs to it, its great memories, great dim purposes: deepen the consciousness he had on first coming hither of a demand in the world about him, whereof the very stones are emphatic, to which no average human creature could be sufficient; of reproof, reproaches, of this or that in himself.

It was repeated, there was a funny belief, at school that Aldy Uthwart had no feeling and was incapable of tears. They never came to him, certainly when, at nights for the most part, the very touch of home, so soft, yet so indifferent to him, reached him, with a sudden opulent rush of garden perfumes: came at the rattling of the window-pane in the wind, with anything that expressed distance from the bare white walls around him here. He thrust it from him brusquely, being of a practical turn, and, though somewhat sensuous, wholly without sentimentality. There is something, however, in the lad's soldier-like, impassible self-command, in his sustained expression of a certain indifference to things, which awakes suddenly all the sentiment, the poetry, latent hitherto in another,—James Stokes, the prefect, his immediate superior: awakes for the first time into ample flower something of genius in a seemingly plodding scholar, and therewith also something of the waywardness popularly thought to belong to genius. *Preceptores, condiscipuli*, alike, marvel at a sort of delicacy coming into the habits, the person, of that tall, bashful, broad-shouldered, very Kentish, lad; so unaffectedly, nevertheless, that it is understood after all to be but the smartness properly significant of change to early manhood, like the down on his lip. Wistful anticipations of manhood are in fact aroused in him, thoughts of the future: his ambition takes effective outline. The well-worn, perhaps conventional, beauties of their "dead" Greek and Latin books, associated directly now with the living companion beside him, really shine for him at last with their pristine freshness: seem more than to fulfil their claim upon the patience, the attention, of modern youth. He notices as never before minute points of meaning in Homer, in Virgil: points out thus, for instance, to his junior, one day in the sunshine, how the Greeks had a special word for the Fate which accompanied one who would come to a violent end. The common Destinies of men, Μοῖραι, *Mœræ*,—they accompanied all men indifferently. But Κήρ the extraordinary Destiny, one's Doom, had a scent for distant blood-shedding; and, to be in at a sanguinary death, one of their

number came forth to the very cradle, followed persistently all the way, over the waves, through powder and shot, through the rose-gardens;—where not? Looking back, one might trace the red footsteps all along, side by side. (Emerald Uthwart, you remember, was to "die there," of lingering sickness, in disgrace, as he fancied, while the word glory came to be softly whispered of them and of their end.) Classic felicities, the choice expressions, with which James Stokes has so patiently stored his memory, furnish now a dainty embroidery upon every act, every change in time or place, of their daily life in common. He finds the Greek or the Latin model of their antique friendship or tries to find it, in the books they read together. None fits exactly It is of military glory they are really thinking, amid those ecclesiastical surroundings, where, however, surplices and uniforms are often mingled together: how they will lie, in costly glory, costly to them, side by side, (as they work and walk and play now, side by side,) in the cathedral aisle, with a tattered flag perhaps above them, and under a single epitaph, like that of those two older scholars, Ensigns, *Signiferi*, in their respective regiments, *in hac ecclesiâ pueri instituti*, with the sapphic stanza in imitation of the Horace they had learned here, written by their old master.

Horace!—he was, had been always, the idol of their school: to know him by heart, to translate him into effective English idiom, have an apt phrase of his instinctively on one's lips for every occasion. That boys should be made to spout him under penalties, would have seemed doubtless to that sensitive, vain, winsome poet, even more than to grim Juvenal, quite the sorriest of fates: might have seemed not so bad, however, could he, from the "ashes" so persistently in his thoughts, have peeped on these English boys, row upon row, with black or golden heads, repeating him in the fresh morning, and observed how well for once the thing was done: how well he was understood by English James Stokes, feeling the old "fire" really "quick" still, under the influence which now in truth quickened, enlivened, everything around him. The old heathen's way of looking at things, his melodious expression of it, blends, or contrasts, itself oddly with the everyday detail, with the very stones, the Gothic stones, of a world he could hardly have conceived, its mediæval surroundings, their half-clerical life here. Yet not so inconsistently after all! The builders of these aisles and cloisters had known and valued as much of him as they could come by in their own un-instructed time; had built up their intellectual edifice more than they were aware of from

fragments of pagan thought, as, quite consciously, they constructed their churches of old Roman bricks and pillars, or frank imitations of them. One's day, then, began with him, for all alike, Sundays of course excepted,—with an Ode, learned over-night by the prudent, who, observing how readily the words which send us to sleep cling to the brain and seem an inherent part of it next morning, kept him under their pillows. Prefects, without a book, heard the repetition of the Juniors, must be able to correct their blunders. Odes and Epodes, thus acquired, were a score of days and weeks; alcaic and sapphic verses like a bead-roll for counting off the time that intervened before the holidays. Time—that tardy servant of youthful appetite—brought them soon enough to the point where they desired in vain "to see one of" those days, erased now so willingly; and sentimental James Stokes has already a sense that this "pause 'twixt cup and lip" of life is really worth pausing over, worth deliberation:—all this poetry, yes! poetry, surely, of their alternate work and play; light and shade, call it! Had it been, after all, a life in itself less commonplace than theirs,—that life, the trivial details of which their Horace had touched so daintily, gilded with real gold words?

Regular, submissive, dutiful to play also, Aldy meantime enjoys his triumphs in the Green Court; loves best, however, to run a paper-chase afar over the marshes, till you come in sight, or within scent, of the sea, in the autumn twilight; and his dutifulness to games at least had its full reward. A wonderful hit of his at cricket was long remembered: right over the lime trees on to the cathedral roof, was it? or over the roof, and onward into space, circling there independently, minutely, as *Sidus Cantiorum*. A comic poem on it in Latin, and a pretty one in English, were penned by James Stokes, still not so serious but that he forgets time altogether one day, in a manner the converse of exemplary in a prefect, whereupon Uthwart, his companion as usual, manages to take all the blame, and the due penalty next morning. Stokes accepted the sacrifice the more readily, believing—he too—that Aldy was "incapable of pain." What surprised those who were in the secret was that, when it was over, he rose, and facing the headmaster—could it be insolence? or was it the sense of untruthfulness in his friendly action, or sense of the universal peccancy of all boys and men?—said submissively, "And now, sir, that I have taken my punishment, I hope you will forgive my fault."

Submissiveness!—It had the force of genius with Emerald Uthwart. In that very matter he had but yielded to a senior against his own

inclination. What he felt in Horace was the sense, original, active, personal, of "things too high for *me !*" the sense, not really unpleasing to him, of an unattainable height here too, in this royal felicity of utterance, this literary art, the minute cares of which had been really designed for the minute carefulness of a disciple such as this,—all attention. Well ! the sense of authority, of a large intellectual authority over us, impressed anew day after day, of some impenetrable glory round "the masters of those who know," is, of course, one of the effects we look for from a classical education :—that, and a full estimate of the preponderating value of the manner of the doing of it in the thing done ; which again, for ingenuous youth, is an encouragement of good manners on its part,—"I behave myself orderly." Just at those points, scholarship attains something of a religious colour. And in that place, religion, religious system, its claim to overpower one, presented itself in a way of which even the least serious by nature could not be unaware. Their great church, its customs and traditions, formed an element in that *esprit de corps* into which the boyish mind throws itself so readily. Afterwards, in very different scenes, the sentiment of that place would come back upon him, as if resentfully, by contrast with the conscious or unconscious profanities of others, crushed out about him straightway, by the shadow of awe, the minatory flash, felt around his unopened lips, in the glance, the changed manner. Not to be "occupied with great matters" recommends in heavenly places, as we know, the souls of some Yet there were a few to whom it seemed unfortunate that religion whose flag Uthwart would have borne in hands so pure, touched him from first to last, and till his eyes were finally closed on this world, only, again, as a thing immeasurable, surely not meant for the like of him : its high claims, to which no one could be equal : its reproaches. He would scarcely have proposed to "enter into" such matters : was constitutionally shy of them. His submissiveness, you see, *was* a kind of genius : made him, therefore, of course, unlike those around him : was a secret : a thing, you might say, "which no one knoweth, saving he that receiveth it."

Thus repressible, self-restrained, always concurring with the influence, the claim upon him, the rebuke, of others, in the bustle of school life he did not count even with those who knew him best, with those who taught him, for the intellectual capacity he really had. In every generation of schoolboys there are a few who find out, almost for themselves, the beauty and power of good literature, even in the literature they must

read perforce; and this, in turn, is but the handsel of a beauty and power still active in the actual world, should they have the good fortune, or, rather, acquire the skill, to deal with it properly. It has something of the stir and unction—this intellectual awaking with a leap—of the coming of love. So it was with Uthwart about his seventeenth year. He felt it, felt the intellectual passion, like the pressure outward of wings within him,—ἡ πτεροῦ δύναμις, says Plato, in the *Phædrus:* but again, as some do with everyday love, withheld, restrained himself: the status of a freeman in the world of intellect can hardly be for him. The sense of intellectual ambition, ambitious thoughts such as sweeten the toil of some of those about him, coming to him once in a way, he is frankly recommended to put them aside, and acquiesces: puts them from him once for all, as he could do with besetting thoughts and feelings, his preferences (as he had put aside soft thoughts of home as a disobedience to rule) and with a countenance more good-humoured than ever, an absolute placidity. It is fit he should be treated sparingly in this matter of intellectual enjoyment. He is made to understand that there is at least a score of others as good scholars as he. He will have of course all the pains, but must not expect the prizes, of his work; of his loyal, incessant, cheerful industry.

But only see him as he goes. It is as if he left music, delightfully throbbing music, or flowers, behind him, as he passes, careless of them, unconsciously, through the world, the school, the precincts, the old city. Strangers' eyes, resting on him by chance, are deterred for a while, even among the rich sights of the venerable place, as he walks out and in, in his prim gown and purple-tasselled cap; goes in, with the stream of sunlight, through the black shadows of the mouldering Gothic gateway, like youth's very self, eternal, immemorial, eternally renewed, about those immemorially ancient stones. "Young Apollo!" people say—people who have pigeon-holes for their impressions, watching the slim, trim figure with the exercise books. His very dress seems touched with Hellenic fitness to the healthy youthful form. "Golden-haired, scholar Apollo!" they repeat, foolishly, ignorantly. He was better: was more like a real portrait of a real young Greek, like *Tryphon, Son of Eutychos*, for instance, (as friends remembered him with regret, as you may see him still on his tombstone in the British Museum,) alive among the paler physical and intellectual lights of modern England, under the old monastic stonework of the Middle Age. That theatrical old Greek god never took the expressiveness, the lines of delicate meaning,

such as were come into the face of the English lad, the physiognomy of his race; ennobled now, as if by the writing, the signature, there, of a grave intelligence, by grave information and a subdued will, though without a touch of melancholy in this "best of playfellows." A musical composer's notes, we know, are not themselves till the fit executant comes, who can put all they may be into them. The somewhat unmeaningly handsome facial type of the Uthwarts, moulded to a mere animal or physical perfection through wholesome centuries, is breathed on now, informed, by the touches, traces, complex influences from past and present a thousandfold, crossing each other in this late century, and yet at unity in the simple law of the system to which he is now subject. Coming thus upon an otherwise vigorous and healthy nature, an untainted physique, and limited by it, those combining mental influences leave the firm unconscious simplicity of the boyish nature still unperplexed. The sisters, their friends, when he comes rarely upon them in foreign places, are proud of the schoolboy's company,—to walk at his side; the brothers, when he sees them for a day, more considerate than of old. Everywhere he leaves behind him an odd regret for his presence, as he in turn wonders sometimes at the deference paid to one so unimportant as himself by those he meets by accident perhaps; at the ease, for example, with which he attains to the social privileges denied to others.

They tell him, he knows it already, he would "do for the army." "Yes! that would suit you," people observe at once, when he tells them what "he is to be": undoubtedly suit him,—that dainty, military, very English kind of pride, in seeming precisely what one is, neither more nor less. And the first mention of Uthwart's purpose defines also the vague outlooks of James Stokes, who will be a soldier too. Uniforms, their scarlet and white and blue, spruce leather and steel, and gold lace, enlivening the old oak stalls at service time,—uniforms and surplices were always close together here, where a military garrison had been established in the suburbs for centuries past, and there were always sons of its officers in the school. If you stole out of an evening, it was like a stage scene; nay! like the Middle Age itself, with this multitude of soldiers mingling in the crowd which filled the unchanged, gabled streets. A military tradition had been continuous, from the days of crusading knights who lay humbly on their backs in the "Warriors' Chapel" to the time of the civil wars, when a certain heroic youth of eighteen was brought to rest there, onward to Dutch and American

wars, and to Harry, and Geoffrey, and another James also, *in hac ecclesiâ pueri instituti.* It was not so long since one of them sat on those very benches in the sixth form: had come back and entered the school, in full uniform, to say good-bye! Then the "colours" of his regiment had been brought, to be deposited by Dean and Canons in the cathedral; and a few weeks later they had passed, scholars and the rest, in long procession, to deposit Ensign —— himself there under his flag, or what remained of it, a sorry, tattered fringe, along the staff he had borne out of the battle at the cost of his life, as a little tablet explained. There were others in similar terms. Alas! for that extraordinary, peculiarly-named, Destiny, or Doom, appointed to walk side by side with one or another, aware from the first, but never warning him, till the random or well-considered shot comes.

WALTER PATER.

(To be concluded.)

THE COLONIAL POLICY OF FRANCE.

IN the age of the great Transatlantic discoveries, France did not at once enter into the ranks of colonial competitors, although she was in possession of an extensive Atlantic coast, and Norman merchants, such as Jacques Cartier, who had hoisted the French flag in Newfoundland, had established important Transatlantic settlements. The reason is to be found partly in the civil wars which devastated the kingdom, partly in the Papal privilege of 1496, which divided the New World between Spain and Portugal, and which France, as a Catholic Power, could not lightly set aside. Besides, Spain in those times was still strong enough to enforce that privilege; the attempts of Coligny to found colonies in Brazil were not fortunate, and a French settlement in Florida was destroyed root and branch by the Spaniards under Charles IX. Henry IV. of France considered it a success to obtain in the treaty of Vervins of 1598 a secret clause, according to which beyond a line drawn westwards of the Canary Islands, "tout serait à la force," *i.e.*, the French vessels might fight there for their trade without Spain being entitled to complain at Paris of the losses which it might suffer by such struggles, a clause which principally served to encourage the French privateers. On the whole, Henry IV.'s colonial attempts were not successful, and it was only with the decline of the Spanish power that Richelieu gave a firm basis to the French colonial policy. It is true that it was tainted by religious narrowness, because it excluded that element which would have been most apt to second colonisation—the Huguenots, in whom the Government saw a political party inclined to side with its adversaries, while the commerce of the Jews with the colonies was free. But for the rest the system was based on an excellent conception. Whilst the Spanish colonies were simply conquests of the Government, which fleeced them for the benefit of the mother country and a greedy bureaucracy, Richelieu founded his colonial policy upon privileged societies. The King appointed the Governor, who, however, was not allowed to meddle

with commerce and the sale of land, while the societies had the right of jurisdiction, of fortification, and of equipping men-of-war. Their principal task was to attract colonists, and this was facilitated by permitting the nobility and the clergy to engage in colonial enterprise without prejudice to their social position. Apprentices who had served a certain time in the colonies were on their return considered as masters, and workmen engaged by the societies had to be supported by the latter for three years, and after that term had the option of claiming estates of a certain amount. In consequence of their autonomy, the societies avoided as far as possible conflicts with the natives, and thus for the most part prospered. Above all, the modern principle of the Code Napoleon of compulsory division of inheritances, which results in the two children system, was not at that time known in France. Families were numerous, and the younger sons emigrated to the colonies. This policy was completed by the genius of Colbert, who, with a view to securing and enlarging the colonial empire, laid the foundations of a powerful navy, and to that end introduced the naval conscription. By these means Canada (la Nouvelle France) was colonised, Newfoundland, St. Pierre, and Miquelon were occupied; in 1682 La Salle penetrated to the Mississippi, and took possession of the valley of that mighty stream to its mouth in Louisiana; the Antilles, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Barthélemy, Tobago, St. Croix, and Domingo, important for their tropical products (principally sugar), were conquered, and so, on the east of Africa, were Isle de France, Réunion, Nossi Bé, St. Marie, Nossi Fali, Nossi Mitsi, Mayotte, and the Comoro Islands. The first French factory in India was founded in 1688, and Masulipatam, Pondichery, and Chandernagore followed; in short, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, France was the first colonial Power. If she was not able to maintain that rank the reason was that her Government occupied itself far more with questions of territorial aggrandisement on the Continent and of extending its frontiers to the Rhine and elsewhere than with founding an empire beyond the sea. The first fatal enterprise of the King in that direction was the attempt to unite the crowns of Spain and France. England and Holland successfully coalesced in order to thwart that project, and the Peace of Utrecht marks the first retrograde step in the colonial policy of France, which then lost Newfoundland, Hudson's Bay, and Nova Scotia. Nevertheless, in the fierce struggle for naval and colonial supremacy between England and France, which, with

short interruptions, lasted for nearly a hundred years, the scales were fluctuating for a long time. The French in that age were excellent colonists*; if England had thirteen settlements in North America, France ruled over the valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, and the Ohio, and in India she was more powerful than England. Dupleix first conceived the idea of conquering that empire by native troops commanded by European officers, and in 1741 he exercised dominion over 35,000,000 souls; Labourdonnais conquered Madras from the English, and Bussy, by beating the Mahrattas, acquired a territory of 17,000 square miles, so that India seemed at that time destined to fall under French supremacy.†

But the miserable Government of Louis XV. did not support these men of genius, and got entangled in Continental conflicts, whilst England, secured by her insular position, could give her undivided attention to her colonial interests and strain every nerve to obtain naval supremacy. Thus France in the course of the eighteenth century lost the greatest part of her colonial empire, and the supercilious ignorance of Voltaire ridiculed the cession of Canada (1763) as that of "quelques arpents de niege." Nevertheless in 1789 the imports of the French colonies amounted still to 250,000,000fr., and exports to 193,000,000fr., while 30,000 sailors were occupied in the colonial commerce.

Even this part of the French colonial empire was lost in the revolutionary wars, which mark the last stage of the struggle between England and France. The latter Power had tried to take its revenge for its defeats by supporting the North American insurgents, but in the momentous Napoleonic wars England was able to recover more than she had lost. The first Consul wanted to regain the over-sea dominion of France, therefore England was his great enemy; but the failure of the Egyptian expedition, which was directed against India, the victories of Wellesley, the conquest of Malta, of the Cape, of Mauritius, and, above all, the destruction of the combined French and Spanish fleet at Trafalgar, secured for England the naval and colonial supremacy, whilst France in 1815 remained only in possession of some of the Antilles, Cayenne, Réunion, Pondichery, and Chandernagore.

The first attempt at colonial extension in this century was the expe-

* Tocqueville, travelling in Canada in 1836, relates that he found there the France of the "ancien regime." In San Domingo, even to-day, French is the official language.

† Mauritius (then called Isle de France) was the headquarters for the French corsairs against British commerce, which, between 1741 and 1748, lost 3,298 ships.

dition against Algeria in 1830, which shows the utterly changed character of modern French colonial policy. It was not a colonisation by French immigrants, but a conquest achieved in a long war against a bellicose and fanatically Mohammedan population, strongly opposed to all European culture; and only in 1847 was the French dominion in Algeria well established. The attempt of the Second Republic to change this system and to colonise the country proved a complete failure,* and cost 50,000,000fr. to the State. In 1857 the Government offered a free passage to 80,000 persons, of whom 70,000 returned; in 1871 the National Assembly granted to those inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine who had elected to remain under the French flag 100,000 hectares in Algeria, but only 3,261 persons went there at an expense of 6,000,000fr. to the State, and two years after nearly half of them had returned. The system of general grants of land has not proved more successful; 29,455 have been given at the price of 2,031fr. per head, and have cost 59,836,000fr. to the State, but by far the larger number of the grantees let their land to natives to be cultivated. It is true that the warlike Arabs, the mediæval conquerors of the country, who formed the soul of resistance to the French conquest, are more and more driven back, but the original natives, the Kabyles, a branch of the Berbers, are quite as tough and go on increasing rapidly. They numbered in 1888 3,000,000; the French 250,000, of whom 46,775 belonged to the army, 35,113 to the civil service, 16,260 to the railways, &c., so that the productive French population was little more than 100,000; besides which other nationalities are largely represented. For instance, in the province of Oran there are 90,000 Spaniards and 50,000 French. In 1883 the Government presented to the Chambers a project to appropriate 47,000,000 hectares from the natives (who were to be enlisted in the colonial army), at the price of 50,000,000fr., in order to attract European colonists, although it already possesses 800,000 hectares fit for cultivation and 1,555,000 hectares of woods. This absurd plan was rejected, but as M. Yves Guyot† proves, the constant changes of administrative systems and the arbitrary treatment of the natives greatly impede the development of the colony. It has made considerable progress under the present Governor-General Tirman; the railways have increased from

* Terre de perdition sous la monarchie, c'est une terre promise sous la république. Les citoyens qui vont s'y rendre, n'auront pour ainsi dire qu'à la frapper du pied pour en faire sortir des moissons." (*Moniteur*, Mars., 1848.)

† Lettres sur la politique coloniale, 1885. Lettre 34.

1,235 kilometres in 1881 to 2,355, the produce of the vineyards from 288,000fr. to 28,000,000fr., the external commerce from 402,000,000fr. to 450,000,000fr. It can also not be denied that the possession of Algeria has increased the importance of the Mediterranean position of France ; the more so as she now practically rules over Tunis, with its fortified port of Biserta, and as the colony offers a valuable market to the mother country. Tunis has made great progress under the French administration, which has introduced order, built 930 kilometres of railways, founded schools, and put to profit the rich cork woods. But, economically speaking, the North African possessions of France have not proved a success ; the conquest of Algeria cost 3 milliards of francs, and the present military expense is 50,000,000fr. Of the general imports of 234,900,000fr., not half, *i.e.*, 154,500,000fr., is of French origin, and the deficit of the Budget is permanent. In Tunis, the French imports were in 1889 21,250,000fr., but more than one-third consists of Belgian, German, and Swiss articles, which are classified as French simply because they are shipped at Marseilles, another third came from Manchester, and the exports for France were only 8,000,000fr. Besides the army and the civil functionaries there are barely 1,000 French civilians ; but there are 15,000 Italians, and Italy refuses to abandon its Treaty concluded with the Regency, which secures to it many special rights, such as the post, Italian schools, &c. Thus it can be said that the country limited by the range of the Atlas belongs to France but not to the French.

The other French colonies do not show a more prosperous situation. The protectorate of Tahiti, assumed in 1842, nearly led to a war with England, and only in 1880 was this island definitely annexed. New Caledonia is exclusively a penal settlement, which produces nothing ; the French Antilles were heavily damaged by the sudden abolition of slavery in 1848, for which a very insufficient compensation was granted. In Africa the French conquests have been considerable ; the colony of the Senegal was enlarged, some points on the Gold Coast and Gaboon were occupied in 1843, and later on large tracts of territory on the western coast were secured by De Brazza, while the protectorate of Madagascar was enforced, and acknowledged by England in 1890. Nevertheless, these possessions have little economical value for France, while they entail a heavy cost on its exchequer. In Gaboon, notwithstanding the discriminating duties of 60 per cent. in favour of French imports, the chief houses are English or German* ; the same is the case

* In 1883 there arrived fifty German vessels, thirty-four British, and twelve French ones.

in Saigon, the principal port of Cochin-China, conquered in 1862, the freight from Liverpool to Saigon being 40fr. per ton, from Marseilles 80fr., from Havre 120fr.

The most striking recent example of the ill-success of French colonial policy is the enterprise against Tonkin. Whilst the French Chamber merely from party motives refused the small credit of 10,000,000fr. which M. de Freycinet asked for the joint intervention in Egypt proposed by England in 1882, and which would have sufficed to maintain the French co-dominion on the Nile, the Government launched into a war in Eastern Asia which has cost far more than 300,000,000fr., and thousands of lives. In this struggle for Tonkin the scope of the action has never been clearly defined. M. Ferry himself pronounced the severest judgment on his policy when he said in the Chamber: "Les événements ont conduit la politique beaucoup plus que la politique n'a conduit les événements." It was the intention to resume the policy of Dupleix in a more Eastern sphere, comprising Indo-China, from Cape St. Jacques to the Chinese frontier. (*Journal des Débats*, November 11th, 1883.) And such an empire was to be founded with 8,000 men sent to Tonkin. In order not to frighten the country by a declaration of war and the demand of the necessary means, the Government asked insufficient credits, which were expended before anything was done, and sent troops by instalments, who only served to fill up the gaps caused by the fighting and the murderous climate. Instead of entrusting the energetic and experienced Governor of Saigon, M. de Villers, with the direction of the enterprise, a young Prefect of St. Etienne was sent out, who naturally knew nothing of the country. It was the intention to open by the conquest of Tonkin the Chinese province of Yûnnan to French commerce, and the Government began to quarrel with China, which M. Challemel-Lacour was pleased to style a "quantité négligeable," although the Chinese could at any time close the access to Yûnnan. They destroyed Chinese arsenals and devastated cities of the Celestial Empire and yet maintained that this was no war, but a "state of reprisals"—a thing absolutely unknown to international law. France asked from China 240,000,000fr. of indemnity, and the end was that it was obliged to make peace without getting anything. Moreover, the Red River, which was to be the great commercial highway to China, proved too shallow for the transport of merchandise, and the contemplated extension of the conquest westwards along the Chinese frontier was foreclosed by the British annexation of Burmah. The

result of the whole expedition, which cost so much blood and treasure, is the possession of a swampy country infested with bands of robbers (dacoits). In Cochin-China, after twenty years' occupation from which France derives scarcely any advantage, the French population amounts, as the Under-Secretary of the Colonies, M. Etienne, admitted in his speech of November 26th, 1890, to 1,600, in a population of 2,000,000, of whom 1,200 belong to the public service. During the last four years the deficit of the colony was on an average 18,000,000fr. Of the exports, consisting chiefly of rice, 1,500,000fr. went to French ports, and 35,000,000fr. to Hong Kong alone. The other colonies show similar results. Of the general exports of France, amounting in 1889 to 4,803,500,000fr., the colonies without Algeria absorb less than 100,000,000fr. M. Villers gives the following as the profit and loss account of all the French settlements. He puts industry and commerce at 80,000,000fr., the yearly cost of the administration and occupation at 200,000,000fr., and the interest of their acquisition at 322,000,000fr., so that deducting the profit the balance would be a deficit of 442,000,000fr., whilst foreigners reap the best advantage from these possessions* ; and when in the debate of November 26th, 1890, a member declared that "the results of our colonial policy are miserable," "une série d'actes de faiblesses et de coups de force," the Government was not able to refute him.

The reasons of this ill-success are defective organisation and the want of colonists. A successful colonial policy demands fixed aims steadily prosecuted ; this is only possible for a Government independent of the petty political passions of the day, which from the security of its existence derives the courage to oppose the intrigues and the passions of parties and individuals. Even in England Parliamentary vicissitudes have heavily damaged colonial interests, but it is far worse in France, where all fixed traditions are wanting and party interests rule supreme. The colonial officials are not trained for their vocation, as is the case in England and Holland, but the higher places are given as a remuneration for Parliamentary services and as personal favours ; while the lower functionaries are mostly chosen from people who cannot succeed in winning a position in the mother country, just as if the colonies were an administrative penitentiary. Both constantly change. From 1843-61 the Senegal had ten governors, of whom only General Faidhérbe remained

* *La Nouvelle Revue*, 1 Juillet, 1885. La politique coloniale.

for six years.* The deputies of those colonies which have the right to elect members to the Chamber pursue their personal interests at Paris; the central administration is a dependency of the ministry of the navy, and the establishment of the "Conseil supérieur des colonies," in which the representatives of one colony vote on the interests of others of which they know nothing, has made the confusion complete. The administration is narrowly bureaucratic, it governs according to the French pattern and does not know how to treat the natives. The well-known economist, M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, says in this respect (*Journal des Débats*, July 21st, 1881): "All our regulations possess a sluggishness and rigour which in a new country and with a primitive population are intolerable. The prejudices of lawyers prevent the most necessary reforms, they delay at the same time the development of the colonisation, and offend the customs of the natives."

Notwithstanding the large subsidies of the State the mercantile navy, which forms the backbone of colonial enterprise, does not prosper. According to the last number of the *Revue Française*, the mercantile navy of the world amounted in 1890-91 to 33,876 sailing vessels of 10,540,051 tons and 9,638 steamers of 12,825,709 tons. Of these, 5,321 steamers of 5,106,581 tons belong to England; Germany comes second with 689 of 656,182 tons; and France, notwithstanding all the protection its navy enjoys, third with 471 of 404,990 tons, its sailing fleet only ranking seventh. Besides, France, if it has colonies, has no colonists; because it lacks the excess of population which in England and Germany emigrates to Transatlantic countries. It was the express intention of the revolutionary politicians to destroy the old French society, the customs of which furnished the emigrants who colonised Canada, Louisiana, &c., and they did so by the forced equal partition of inheritance which has led to the so-called two children system.† Thus the increase of the population is very slow,‡ although the immigration of foreigners is considerable, and the emigration insignificant—from 1878-85 only 26,000. It cannot be denied that this stagnation in the increase of population

* Note adressie à M. Duclerc par un Sénégalais. Bordeaux, 1882. "Les gouverneurs defilent avec une rapidité effrayante et très souvent l'un s'applique à défaire ce que l'autre a paisiblement édifié; dans le courant de 1882 le Sénégal a vu se succeder trois gouverneurs, le personnel roule de colonie en colonie, quand quelqu'un commence a connaître le pays on le change."

† Leplay la réforme sociale en France. Ch. II. La propriété. Richet la réforme sociale. To. I., 7.

‡ The excess of births over deaths was, in 1886, 85,646, with a population of 37,100,000.

counts for much in the increase of French wealth,* for of all countries France is that which has to sustain the smallest number of unproductive heads, *i.e.*, the children which have to be fed by the working members of the community, but it is equally sure that such a country cannot furnish the emigrants necessary for colonisation.

I conclude this sketch with the judgment which the well-known and very impartial traveller, Baron Hübner, gives on the French colonies: "We find there French merchants and shopkeepers mostly very respectable people, but doing comparatively little business. French manufactures are to be seen everywhere, but they are not sold by Frenchmen. Apart from the few merchants one finds the French cook, the dining-room keeper, the hairdresser, and the famous 'veuve espagnole,' whose cradle stood not on the Manzanares, but on the Cannebière of Marseilles or in the Quartier Breda of Paris. Besides these, there are only two classes of emigrants—the voluntary ones, the missionaries and sisters of mercy; and the involuntary ones, the convicts of Cayenne or New Caledonia. The French colonial empire is connected with the mother country not by interests of commerce and cultivation, but simply by policy and military power. I do not mean to contend that these countries have not a considerable importance, but they are not colonies in the real sense of the word, they are conquered regions, administered by a Governor with the help of many soldiers and functionaries. We find there the 'Hotel du governement,' the 'Palais de justice,' huge barracks, a large hospital, and a cemetery. In the hospital the sisters of mercy nurse the sick and dying Frenchmen, till they themselves are carried away by the unhealthy climate. Little else of French origin outside the above-mentioned category is to be found in French colonies."

GEFFCKEN.

* The annual savings are very large indeed, notwithstanding insufficient harvests and the ravages of the phylloxera. The French saving banks showed a capital of 677,000,000fr. in 1875; of 1,425,000,000fr. in 1887; of 2,659,000,000fr. in 1889; and of 3,873,000,000fr. in 1891.

A REJOINDER TO SIGNOR CRISPI.

THE impression left upon my mind by the perusal of Signor Crispi's article on "The Temporal Power of the Pope," published in the last number of this REVIEW, is that he must rate very low the intelligence of his English readers; else, surely, he would never have ventured to place before them such a jumble of bombastic verbiage and audacious misrepresentation as his contribution to a discussion of one of the gravest questions of European politics. In the few words—I shall make them as few as possible—which I propose to write in rejoinder to him, I shall leave alone his rhetoric. I shall confine myself to correcting a few of the graver errors into which he has fallen, and to pointing out the utter inadequacy of his reply to my argument.

Signor Crispi writes :—

"Christ's Vicar, holding that all dominion comes from above, that his authority is infallible, that none of his acts can be controlled by any syndicate, that free will is prohibited to his subjects, is compelled not only to be an absolute king but a theocrat. Theocracy can only live by direct inspiration from God, and the nations have no other duty save blind obedience. . . . Leo XIII. opines that the people cannot be the source of political rights, because all authority comes from God. . . . The Holy Father, in the circular of 1881, condemns the prevailing opinions on the genesis of public power. He calls them infectious, and ascribes them to the philosophers.* He deplores the changefulness of a law which, coming from the people, can be revoked by them: *a quo mandata est, revocari possit.* He then lays down a maxim which he holds as Catholic: *Ab his vero dissentiunt Catholici homines, qui jus imperandi a Deo repetunt.* . . . In the circular quoted above, the Holy Father repeats: *Politicum imperium a Deo profisci recte docet Ecclesia.* God delegates empires to kings; and princes, like the Roman Pontiff, reign by the grace of God."

Now this is really a most astonishing pronouncement, which if it had come from anyone of less distinction than its author might be passed over in contemptuous silence. It would be difficult to

* I suppose the *philosophes* of the last century are meant.

compress into the same space a greater number of misrepresentations. The views attributed by Signor Crispi to Leo XIII. concerning the source and nature of political power in general, and of the Pontiff's Civil Princedom in particular, have never been put forward by the Holy Father, and are in flat contradiction to the doctrine of the great Catholic doctors whom the Pope follows. For in the Pontifical documents which Signor Crispi mentions—I cannot help wondering whether he has ever read them for himself—there is no new doctrine. Leo XIII. does but teach now what St. Thomas Aquinas taught six centuries ago. The best answer to a lie is the truth. And Signor Crispi's wild and ignorant assertions as to the tenets of Catholic philosophy on this most important matter will be most effectively met by exhibiting, however briefly, the main lines of that teaching.

First then, what is the origin of civil authority or sovereignty? Catholic philosophy answers, with St. Paul, that its origin is Divine. "There is no power but of God." But in what sense is it Divine? In this: that it is natural. Man is what Aristotle called him two thousand years ago: "a political animal." His true state of nature is the state of civil society—not the extra-social state fabled by Hobbes, and Locke, and Rousseau. In words which I have elsewhere written, and which I may perhaps be allowed to quote, as I do not know how to improve upon them, "Man has never lived as a lawless savage. Such an animal would not be man, but something lower. The State is not an aggregation of individuals, nor a conventional institution. It is the outcome of an order of necessary truths, in themselves quite independent of human volition."* And to civil society political institutions are indispensable. The State, whatever its form—and there is no immutably best form—is not a mere arbitrary device of man, but issues from the nature of things. It is essential to human life, and therefore it is of Divine institution. For God commands whatever is essential for human life. "All things," says Suarez, "which are by the law of nature, are from God, the Author of the law of nature."†

In this sense, and in no other, is civil sovereignty of Divine origin: and this is what is meant by the Pope when he asserts *politicum imperium a Deo profisci;* when he refers the *jus imperandi* to the Author of nature and of the natural law. But how does this authority reach those who are invested with it? Is it true, as Signor Crispi asserts, that Catholics

* *On Shibboleths*, p. 84. † *Defensio Fidei*, l. III.

suppose God to "delegate empires to kings and princes," and hold "that the people cannot be the source of political rights, because all authority comes from God"? It is not true, as Signor Crispi might have learned from my contribution to this REVIEW which he has so ignorantly criticised. The doctrine of the immediate Divine right of kings was never held by the great thinkers of the mediæval school, who are the recognised masters in Catholic philosophy, nor by their modern successors. It is a figment of Gallican and Imperialist divines, derived by them from non-Catholic sources, and long sunk into merited discredit and oblivion. Bellarmine, in a passage which I quoted, sums up the accepted teaching when he says that the supreme power is "immediately in the whole community, *tanquam in subjecto.* It is," he adds, "*jure divino;* but the *jus divinum* has given it to no man in particular. It must therefore be vested in the community. The community, however, cannot itself exercise this power, and must, therefore, confer it upon one person or several persons."* And Suarez, in the third book of his *De Legibus*—he is treating there expressly of the legislative power, but the same principle applies to sovereignty in general—affirms the like doctrine; adding that it is taught by St. Thomas Aquinas, and that it is generally held and is beyond question (*est communis et certa*). It is through the people (*mediante populo*) that civil authority reaches those who are invested with it; the people not meaning, as in the Rousseauan doctrine, a fortuitous *congeries* of sovereign human units, but an organic whole, implying all that may be gathered from Darwinism and elsewhere as natural and necessary in the social organism. There is, therefore, a very true sense in which it must be said that the people is the source of political power. That is not the sense in which the framers of *The Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen* insist "Le principe de toute souveraineté réside essentiellement dans la nation," a proposition absurd in itself, and justly condemned by the Holy See. No; the principle of sovereignty is higher than that: the original and essential fount of it is, as I have explained, Divine. The immediate source whence it reaches the Emperor, King, or President, exercising it, is the community.

But the ruler, once appointed, be his style and title what it may, is, we hold, not a simple mandatory of the sovereign people. The authority conferred on him is not revocable at will. The community is rightly

* *De Laicis*, l. III., c. 6. The original Latin is given by me in a note at p. 489 of the April number of this REVIEW.

subject to the ruler for the term that the sovereignty has been conferred upon him, whether that term be a number of years, or the length of an individual life, or the duration of a dynasty. The subjection, however, is not, and cannot be, absolute, for the simple reason that the governed are persons, not things. When a ruler holds his office in virtue of a constitutional pact, gross and persistent violation of the pact entitles his subjects to renounce their allegiance. Nay, even in an absolute monarchy there still remains to the people the natural right of self-defence, of which no man can divest himself. "Bad rulers," St. Thomas Aquinas teaches, "may be resisted, as we resist robbers."* But to justify such resistance there must be a sufficiently grave cause, and a reasonable prospect of success, lest the last state of the oppressed country should be worse than the first. Moreover, all legal and pacific means for remedying the woes of the land must have been tried and have been proved useless. When things are in this condition, a nation may, according to Catholic teaching, rise and overthrow the Government. The so-called "sacred right of insurrection" glorified by the Jacobins of the last century and by their contemporary representatives—the principle that subjects may, *at discretion*, withdraw their allegiance from their ruler and levy war against him—the Catholic Church certainly does condemn. And surely common-sense condemns it no less. "I confess to you, sir," writes Burke, "I never liked this continued talk of resistance and revolution, or the practice of making the extreme medicine of the constitution its daily bread."

So much as to the doctrine of Catholic philosophy concerning the source and nature of political power in general. And now as to the Temporal Power of the Pope in particular. Signor Crispi, as we have seen, writes: "Christ's Vicar, holding that all dominion comes from above, that his authority is infallible, *that none of his acts can be controlled by any syndicate, that free will is prohibited to his subjects*, is compelled to be not only an absolute king but a theocrat." What is the meaning of the expressions which I have put in italics, if they have any meaning, if they are not mere "empty words and sounding strain," I confess I do not know. But the whole passage, apart from these dark sayings, indicates a turbidness of thought hard to understand, unless indeed, which I do not wish to suppose, Signor Crispi is

* The authorities are collected in Cardinal Hergenröther's *Katholische Kirche und Christlichen Staat*, Essay XIV.

intentionally casting dust in the eyes of his Protestant readers. It must suffice to point out here, once for all, first, that while Catholics unquestionably regard the Pope's government of the Universal Church as a theocracy, they as unquestionably do not so regard his Civil Princedom; and secondly, that the dogma of his infallibility when, speaking *ex cathedrâ*, he defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals, has no more to do with the administration of the Pontifical States than it has to do with the administration of the Pontifical kitchen. I remember a citizen of London, a great authority "upon 'Change," who, having heard the infallibility of the Pope spoken of, exclaimed, "Infallible, is he? Let him tell me what horse will win the next Derby and I will believe it." Signor Crispi's conceptions regarding Catholic doctrine would seem to be upon a level with those of the worthy stockbroker.

These are specimens of the errors with which Signor Crispi's article teems. They may serve to show how little he is entitled to pose as an authority upon the matters regarding which he so confidently delivers himself. I go on to point out the utter inadequacy of his reply to my argument. My speech at the Birmingham Catholic Reunion was directed to show that the Pope's Civil Princedom, or sovereignty, popular in its origin and beneficent in its history, is as essential as ever for the peaceful and complete discharge of his ecumenical office; that it is necessary for Italy, if she is not to go down in revolutionary anarchy, to recognise this, and to come to terms with the Pontiff and with the great conservative forces of religion and morality which he represents; and that the chief obstacle to such a solution of the Papal Question is presented by those anti-Christian zealots who dominate the Italian Government. Of these zealots I recognise in Signor Crispi a fitting spokesman. He has a record which fully qualifies him for that bad eminence. He it is who, on June 7th, 1885, declared publicly, "Between us and the Pope there can be no truce." "We are the sons of 1789," he boasted to the Italian Parliament, upon another occasion. "The Universal Church," he announces in the article before me, "is contrary to the spirit of the century," which is, of course, the doctrine of the Masonic sect wherein he holds a high place. He makes no secret of his agreement with Mazzini's declaration that "the Italian people is called upon to destroy Catholicism." And that is the view steadily preached by his journal the *Riforma*, which never loses an opportunity of insulting religion; which, indeed, has distinguished itself among the vile newspapers of Italian

Liberalism by a superfluity of blasphemy and indecency. He is, indeed, a fitting champion of the anti-Christianity of Italy, and his method is worthy of his vocation. Instead of answering me he does but misrepresent me. "Mr. Lilly," he wrote, "censures the statecraft of the Holy See from 1815 to 1848." What I said was, "I am no admirer of the political condition of things which prevailed in the Roman States from 1815 to 1848"; a condition of things for which Pontifical statecraft assuredly was not responsible. Again, Signor Crispi writes, "Our opponent visited Rome in 1868 and saw how badly the priests governed." I said not one word about the priests governing badly. I spoke of the dissatisfaction with the Papal government which I observed with pain: dissatisfaction which assuredly was not due to bad government under the mild sway of Pius IX. Once more, Signor Crispi affirms, Mr. Lilly "proposes that the civil monarchy of the Pope should be limited to the Vatican." I made no proposal of the kind, or of any kind, regarding the limit of the Pope's civil monarchy. I should have thought it in the last degree temerarious, nay indecent, to have proposed anything on such a subject.

But the chief gem of Signor Crispi's dialectics is to be found in the four pages wherein he is by way of controverting my account of the origin of the Temporal Power of the Popes. I had said, quoting a felicitous sentence of Gibbon's, that "their noblest title is the free choice of a people whom they had redeemed from slavery"; a people who in their affliction and desolation, from the fifth to the eighth century, turned to their Bishop as their only possible protector; and who, by their continued suffrage through many generations, placed themselves under the sovereignty of the Pontiff. Signor Crispi, however, asserts (I give his main positions stripped of the verbiage in which he has swathed them) that the Temporal Power of the Pope was "born of treachery and usurpation"—he pledges his word for it; that "*plébiscites* were not the fashion in those times"; and that the Church "continued to recognise the Imperial authority" in the time of Gregory the Great. Therefore, he concludes, the "Roman people conferred no dominion on the Pope." What is one to say to such ratiocination? The account of the origin of the Temporal Power which I have given is an indisputable fact, and is recognised as such by every writer above the level of a political pamphleteer. It is almost an insult to the intelligence of my readers to cite authority for what is so trite. But, for the benefit of Signor Crispi, I will quote the words of one of the latest, and certainly not one of the least

distinguished historians of the Papacy: "The practical wisdom, administrative capacity, and Christian zeal of Gregory I.," writes Bishop Creighton, "led the people of Rome and the neighbouring regions to look upon the Pope as their head in temporal as well as in spiritual matters. The Papacy became a national centre to the Italians."* And the same learned author correctly observes that the acquisition of the territory which Pipin conferred upon the Pope merely "gave definiteness to the temporal power which circumstances had gradually forced on the Papacy." No one doubts that this territory was held by Pope Stephen II. of the Frankish Sovereign, or that earlier Popes had respected the authority of the Emperors reigning at Constantinople. Nay, even Innocent III., the first Pope who fully exercised the rights of an Italian prince, did not deny the suzerainty of Cæsar. But it is mere waste of time to discuss these things with Signor Crispi, who, as is evident upon the very face of his article, is as ignorant of Italian history as he is of Catholic moral philosophy or of Catholic theology. A writer who can account of Charles the Great as "a tool of the priests," or who in the action of the Holy See in its struggle with the Empire can see nothing but "violence and perfidy and lust of power," is unworthy of serious refutation.

And when we come to contemporary politics, Signor Crispi shows himself no less blinded by passion and prejudice to obvious facts than he is in the domain of history. He assures us that the Pope has, "in his sacerdotal aspect, complete sovereignty and also complete financial independence." This is really to abuse our patience. It is manifest to all men that Leo XIII. dwells in his City of Rome, nay, in his Apostolic Palace of the Vatican, merely by sufferance of the Italian Government. It is equally manifest that, for the pecuniary resources wherewith to defray the expenses of the Pontifical administration, His Holiness is dependent upon the alms of his spiritual children. But, Signor Crispi tells us, the Pope may accept the Law of Guarantees. No: he may not. It is impossible for him to sink into the pensioner of an anti-Christian Power, to cast himself into the snare which his enemies have set for him. Signor Crispi's pretension that the Papal Question should be treated as purely Italian is monstrous, and is flatly contrary to the declarations of the chief statesmen of the Italian kingdom, from Cavour downwards.

* *History of the Papacy during the Reformation*, Vol. I., p. 7.

The present Archbishop of Westminster is, surely, entirely warranted when he writes:—

"Well may Catholics reply to Signor Crispi—'Your new pretension is brought forward not because you can deny that the nations of Europe have rights in the Roman Question, but because you have now learnt to dread the result of a European Congress. You are conscious of the weakness and injustice of your cause. You would come into court with unclean hands. . . . You have boasted that you have been for forty-five years "a conspirator," that you are one of the "sons of 1789," that you are a member of a Secret Society, and that "there can be no truce with the Pope." Now that the Revolution has full possession of your Government, you will try to throw off the just and powerful interference of Europe, and claim to settle the cause of the Papacy as though it were a domestic chaplaincy, to be regulated or abolished at your pleasure and convenience. These are the reasons why now you seek to escape the interference of Europe.'"*

That this endeavour will be successful, in the long run, it is impossible to believe. Signor Crispi is good enough to give a piece of advice to Catholics. It is this: "They will best serve the interests of the Pope by abstaining from speaking of the Temporal Power." Catholics will hardly recognise in Signor Crispi a disinterested counsellor. They may even be pardoned if his words appear to them to betray a consciousness of the immense danger occasioned to Italy by the estrangement of the Pope and of the Catholic and Conservative majority of the nation whom the Pope represents. That estrangement is in no small degree the work of Signor Crispi. He is responsible for those enactments of the Italian Penal Code against the priesthood which the *Spectator* has pronounced "as bad as any of our own penal laws," and which the *Guardian* described as "a challenge to the Italian clergy to choose between God and Cæsar." He is the author of the law which suppressed the charitable confraternities of Italy and confiscated their property. He has done as much as any man living to prevent the true consummation of Italian unity and to split the country into two nations. This—to adapt the words with which he concludes his article—this is the danger of Italy. She will avoid her downfall if she will make peace with the Papacy. But only a recognition of the Pope's indefeasible rights can make peace possible.

W. S. LILLY.

* *The Roman Question*, p. 40.

RACING AND ITS FASCINATIONS.

EVERY now and then some event—usually an unpleasant one—reminds the general public of things which they either think little about or do not like to remember: an explosion of dynamite recalls the fact that there are such persons as anarchists; the failure of a great commercial house puts even idle stock-holders in mind of the monetary volcano over which so many of them are living; or a terrible railway accident calls attention to the fact that there is a thing called sudden death: and after a somewhat similar fashion, a racing lawsuit or a racing fraud occasionally brings to everybody's notice, whether they will or no, the magnitude of that comparatively modern institution, the Turf.

The "Orme Case" is the latest of these. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that the assassination of a prince, the wreck of a first-class battle-ship, an outbreak of cholera, or a change of Ministry in any European kingdom except our own, would have given rise to very little more talking or scribbling than the sudden illness of this three-year-old colt of the Duke of Westminster's. Even if it had been quite unquestionable from the first that he had been poisoned, "foully and feloniously poisoned," less would have been said about the matter; it was the delightful uncertainty on this point and the reputed difference of opinion on the question between his dentist and his doctor which added such an interest and such a relish to the topic. Moreover, it presented an opening of unusual advantage to the talking and the writing bore, the searcher for precedents, and the man who "can remember."

Into the merits and the demerits of the Orme case I do not propose to enter, nor am I about to deal at any length with the question of "getting-at" and "nobbling" favourites, important as that question must necessarily be to owners and backers of race-horses; my intention is only to deal with a fact which this and all other "racing cases" bring

into prominence, namely, the extraordinary interest taken in the Turf by some of the most unlikely as well as likely people.

In his *Mirror of the Turf*, Mr. Curzon states that in all probability 10,000 people "are employed in various capacities in direct connection with racing, in stables, or stud farms, &c.," while he estimates the number of bookmakers at 5,000, and that of backers at 50,000. Now, there is no difficulty in understanding that owners of race-horses, lovers of race-horses, breeders of racehorses, backers of race-horses, bookmakers, and the immense army of men who derive monetary profit, either directly or indirectly, from racing, such as trainers, jockeys, stable-lads, clerks of courses, lessees of race-courses, the large number of officials connected with race-meetings, and many others, should take a keen interest in the Turf; but it is not so easy to account for the attention given to it by judges, barristers, merchants, clerks, shopkeepers, waiters at hotels, and domestic servants. A consideration of this mystery naturally suggests the question whether the Turf is our great national roulette table, the *Banco di Lotto* of England, the Bourse (in the gambling and speculative sense of the word) of Great Britain. To some extent, nay, to a very large extent, it undoubtedly is so, but it is much more than this, while even in this itself I venture to think it can boast a certain superiority to the lottery and the roulette table, if not to the Bourse also.

In maintaining that the Turf is much more than a medium of gambling, I am justified first by the fact that many people take an interest in racing who are neither horsemen nor bettors. That their proportion to those who do bet is very small I have no desire to conceal; indeed, to conceal it would be as impossible as the attempt to do so would be ridiculous; their existence, however, is none the less certain. The most curious feature in connection with them is that, while many of them go to races either because they are fond of looking at horses, or because they like, as they say, "to see a good race," some of them, and many more than might be supposed, do not care particularly to look at horses, and never see a race, either good or bad, for the simple reason that they never go to a race-meeting. The source of such people's interest in racing I take to be much the same as that of their interest in any other form of newspaper intelligence not immediately concerning themselves, as, for instance, a murder. They read that John Doe has been committed for trial on the charge of killing Richard Roe. Now, for neither Richard Roe nor John Doe do they care a jot or a tittle, and whether these men die

violent or natural deaths, whether they meet their ends in their beds, in the streets, or on the gallows, is to them a matter of perfect indifference; the interest in their fates, at any rate in the fate of John Doe, enters at the point at which it becomes doubtful, first, whether Richard Roe died by fair means or foul; secondly, whether, if by foul, at the hands of John Doe; thirdly, whether, in that case, John Doe's crime amounted to murder or only to manslaughter; fourthly, whether John Doe was mad or sane when he committed the crime; and fifthly, whether tender-hearted people will be able to find any pretext for persuading the Home Secretary to commute the sentence of death to penal servitude for life. Here is an ample fund of amusement for the idle. They read every word of the evidence, form their own opinions as to the probable issues of each of the five events, and are well entertained in so doing, without any betting whatever.

It is much the same with racing. They see that a horse called John Doe is first favourite for the Derby, and probably they care neither for the horse nor its owner; but their interest in him arises in the questions, first, whether he ran well as a two-year-old, and, on looking in their Guides to the Turf, perhaps, they find that some of his form was extraordinary and some rather "in-and-out"; secondly, whether, if he ran well, no other two-year-old ran better, another point on which there may very likely be conflicting evidence and room for considerable difference of opinion; thirdly, whether, if his form was beyond question over short two-year-old courses, it is equally certain that he will be able to stay over the mile and a half course of the Derby; fourthly, whether he has improved since the autumn as much as certain of his opponents; and fifthly, whether some colt that has not yet run in public, but is said to have won a well-nigh miraculous private trial, may not throw all the public form into the background. Over these five questions about the horse, they and their friends find it as easy to theorise and argue as over the other five relating to the reputed murderer; and it often happens that those about the horse have a greater intrinsic interest, since, while John Doe and Richard Roe, the murderer and the murdered, are, or were, people of no importance, John Doe, the favourite for the Derby, and Richard Roe, the "coming outsider," may belong, the one to a popular duke, and the other to the owner of one of the best known shops in London.

Although those whose racing prophecies are verified by the event win nothing unless they bet, they obtain the privilege of uttering "that

portentous cry, 'I told you so,'" which, while it is "sadder than owl's song, or the midnight blast" to those who held the contrary opinion, is richer than gold and precious stones to the utterer. To gain the reputation of being a fine student of public form is almost as great, nay, in the opinion of some people, a greater honour than to be accounted a fine scholar, nor have instances been wanting of the fine scholar being combined with the fine student of public form, especially where the scholarship has been of a mathematical order.

Not a few men, again, study racing entirely for conversational purposes, purposes for which, in certain circles, it is most valuable. After all, for what do half of us read a large proportion of what we read, whether in books, magazines, or newspapers, except to have something about which to talk to others, and to be able to talk of it as well or better than they? With a vast number of people conversation is the great game of life, and so long as they can lay hold of a bat which serves its purpose in returning the ball each time it comes their way, they care little as to its form or material; racing, religion, politics, literature, science, society, and art all have their uses in keeping up the perpetual pastime of chatter.

"How is it," I once said to a friend, "that you, who never bet, appear to be so pleased whatever be the result of a race?"

"Ah," he replied, "whatever horse wins I am bound to be satisfied; for, if it happens to be the one I expected to win, I tell myself how clever I have been, and if it be some other, I praise and congratulate myself upon having given up betting, as I should have lost at least a 'pony' over the event if I had not forsworn that bad practice."

Another friend, who often spoke of his winnings and losings during a week's racing, scarcely ever left his stall in the stand. "I suppose you get someone to make your bets for you?" said I. "No," answered he. "It is not exactly that. I manage it in this way. I give tithes of all I possess, and this produces two or three hundreds a year, which I put on one side for charitable purposes. Well, when I want to bet, I make my charity fund lay me the current odds to any sum I choose, taking care, of course, not to let it lay more than it can pay. It is perfectly fair. I go by the betting quoted the next day in the *Sportsman*. Very often the charities are large gainers; sometimes they lose; one year they broke; but in the long run I think I get the worst of it—backers, you know, generally do! Indeed, I should not consider myself justified in allowing my charity fund to back horses."

As I have already said, even in the form of gambling, racing is superior to lotteries and gaming tables. The Turf should rather, I think, be called a game of skill, into which chance enters largely, than sheer gambling. Racing men may often be heard to say, quite gravely, that backing horses for some handicap with a large field over a short course, such, for instance, as the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, "is absolute gambling." Obviously, all betting is gambling in one sense; there is gambling, however, and gambling!

Whether betting on races can be allowed to rank with whist, as a game of skill combined with chance, is a question on which something may be said in favour of the former as well as of the latter. There is much to be remembered in a hand at whist; but it consists exclusively of what has happened in a few minutes, and only for a few minutes has it to be retained in the memory. In betting about a great handicap, on the contrary, the public form of months, and sometimes of years, has to be kept in mind, and it may have to be remembered for weeks; indeed, so long as betting on the race continues. If it be replied that while betting on races requires the most deliberate calculation, whist is a greater test of rapid decision, I should answer that when a neighbour on a race-stand offers a tempting bet as the horses are approaching the distance, the decision as to taking it has to be made more quickly than any in a rubber. Curious problems and combinations undoubtedly occur in many games of whist; on the other hand, is not public form on the Turf sometimes still more complicated and involved? Then, whist playing is entirely a matter of brain work; whereas racing, in addition to demanding memory, comparison, and other mental qualities, affords ample opportunities for the skilful use of the eye. One man can see that a horse is beaten, a couple of hundred yards further from home than another can; or he can perceive that a horse wins with seven pounds in hand, although by a head only, when another man imagines the race to be a hard fought one; or he can observe that one jockey, sitting almost still, is getting every ounce out of his horse, while another, who is apparently riding an energetic finish, and is supposed by many to be making a brilliant effort, is either not in reality trying to win, or else exhausting his mount by his bodily vacillations. The man who can see all these things, and more also, has a great advantage over his fellow backers. To such a man racing is a practical science as well as a study—a matter of observation as much as of calculation. He eagerly watches the race through his glasses long before the so-called

actual struggle begins, knowing well that more races are lost by intentionally getting bad starts and losing ground early in a race than is commonly supposed, and that when horses are pulled, if pulled they be, the pulling generally takes place below the distance. A good sight, a quick sight, and a very comprehensive sight is required to take in all that a good judge of racing would wish to see. Perhaps the horses come round the last turn in a cluster and a cloud of dust, and it may be just at that point of the contest that a horse which ought to win gets shut in and prevented from getting to the front. Yet sharp must be the eyes that can detect this under such circumstances; or, in a race over a straight mile, such as the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, the horses may be dotted about here and there, all across the course, and the spectator's attention may be riveted on the struggle between two on the far side, while the real race is taking place between a trio close to the rails on the near. Sometimes he has to make his observations in dazzling sunshine, at others in a blinding storm; if the field be a large one he must be clever indeed if he can remember the names represented by each of the twenty or thirty silk jackets of complicated shades of colour as they advance in varying order and combinations, like the changing hues of a kaleidoscope, and even if it be a small one, he may easily mistake maize and cerise sleeves for lemon and pink sleeves, or violet and amber cap for purple and orange cap. Very likely, after all his trouble and anxious observation, a friend will say to him when the race is over, "Did you notice how Demoniac hung towards Angelus opposite the grand stand? Do you think it was temper? or do you think it was the lad's riding? or can it have been that he had been cannoned against by Boanerges, who was on the other side? A second earlier he looked as if he was going to win with many pounds in hand!" Now it may have happened that our spectator never noticed Demoniac, yet on the question of his performance in this race may depend the winning or losing of heavy bets in a future handicap.

But it is not only during a race that keen ocular observation is of importance in the game of racing. In the paddock, shape and condition should be closely scrutinised, the preliminary canter is a subject of the finest criticism, the behaviour of horses at the starting post is of consequence as a test of temper, and their state when unsaddled after the race is well worthy of notice and recollection in respect to calculations on future events. Nor should the backer of horses be less vigilant or observant in the ring. He should endeavour to discover where the

money comes from that makes a favourite; whether it is from the owner, the stable, the public, or some heavy and eccentric plunger. Indeed, it may be said that sharp ears as well as sharp eyes are necessary to those who desire to succeed in the betting-ring, although I must admit that I make these remarks on the authority of others, as it is an arena in which I have had no personal experience, with the exception of the occasional investment of a sovereign in my boyish days; but this I can say from experience, that the most painstaking observation, in the paddock and on the racecourse, has often failed to enable me to see all, or half, or even a quarter of what I wanted to see, as a student of racing as a science, apart from betting.

Let no one suppose that it is only on the Turf that those who wish to be proficient in racing have to use their eyes; the small print of newspapers and racing guide-books claim as much, or more, of their attention than green racecourses and the pretty silk jackets of jockeys. The most assiduous turfite cannot be present at every race meeting, and is consequently, like everybody else, more or less dependent upon newspaper reports of races. The quotations of betting, again, practically form summaries of public criticism upon the great handicaps, and are nearly as interesting to the racing-man who never bets as to the plunger himself. The weights for the spring handicaps ought to be thoroughly mastered before the racing-season begins, and those for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire form not only a criticism upon the racing up to their publication, but also a subject for profound study with regard to the future. An excellent method of getting a headache is to look up the public form of the different horses in *Form at a Glance*, *Ruff's Guide*, or *The Racing Calendar*, and try to criticise the work of the handicapper. Another important subject of racing reading are the "Reports from Training Quarters," which are studied by trainers themselves as well as by owners and the general public. "Is your son's horse R—— going to run soon?" I lately asked of a father. "He never tells me anything about his horses," replied the fond parent, "but as I see in the *Sporting Life* that the colt is doing hard work I am expecting him to come out immediately." Most people would be astonished if they were told of the enormous mass of print which is annually published about racing; and the amount of time which many spend in reading it is little less marvellous. Dogmatic assertion is generally dangerous. I do not hesitate, however, to affirm that no game, no gambling, no sport, no amusement is the occasion of so much reading as racing;

nor do I think I should be very far wrong were I to venture the opinion that many sciences give rise to less.

There can be little doubt that the element of chance in racing adds greatly to its charm; and be it observed that racing chances are very different in their interest from those of the ball of a roulette-table or the mechanism of a lottery. If a favourite gets a cough there is dismay among his backers; but it does not necessarily follow that all is lost, and the questions arise—"Is it a bad cough?" and "What sort of a cough is it?" According to the bulletins of his condition under this affection, he goes up and down in the betting like the mercury of a barometer in stormy weather. It not infrequently happens, again, that a favourite is reported to have what is technically known as "a leg." Here, too, the gravity of the mischief may become a subject for betting, and a fruitful source of hopes and fears. A rheumatic favourite, and such favourites there are, may occasion almost as much gambling by his malady as by his merits, and the man who has backed him to win the race may possibly recover his losses, if the horse loses, by betting that he either will, or will not, go to the post. It is true that an accident is sometimes sudden or decisive, and this makes a charming variety in the chances of racing to the owners and backers of the unfortunate sufferer's opponents.

Fraud is another important factor in the chances of the Turf. In the form to which allusion was made in the beginning of this article it is rare, if rich in the eyes of the lover of nine-days wonders. In the shape of dubious running it is by no means so uncommon. Horses are run "out of their distance," when only half prepared, or when below the mark in other ways, on purpose to hoodwink the handicappers. It is said, too, that jockeys have before now been instructed to "get off badly," or to "lie wide at the turns," or "not to go up to their horses." To say that they are occasionally ordered to pull their mounts would be to speak strongly; but uncharitable people have been known to make such an assertion. Scares in the betting-market by means of false telegrams is a species of fraud which is only too familiar, and, if it may not appear so serious as "nobbling" or "pulling" horses to the uninitiated, it is sometimes little, if at all, less disastrous. Perhaps there may be nothing so mortifying, in connection with racing, as to have one's calculations upset by a fraud; on the other hand, there are men who would prefer that their champions should be obviously pulled, "nobbled," or knocked over, rather than that, by being beaten fairly and squarely

on their merits, they should prove their own sage prognostications and inferences from public form to have been absurdly mistaken and erroneous.

I hope I may have written enough to show why many who might be the least expected to do so take an interest in racing, as well as that it is a game of skill demanding many qualifications and much attention and energy ; and, in addition to all this, I may add that there is another point in its favour, namely, that it oftens continues to amuse the old and the invalided long after they have seen a racecourse for the last time. In short, to tell the truth, they are then able to enjoy much of the interests and pleasures of the Turf, without the long wearisome railway journeys, the dust, the rain, the mud, the smell of bad cigars, the row and the roar of the ring, and many of the other disagreeablenesses entailed by active racing. They still fancy that their extraordinary acumen enables them to foretell, from the reports of public form in the newspapers and racing books, what will win the great three-year-old races and the principal handicaps ; sad, too, as it may be to record it, it is none the less true that dying men have been known anxiously to inquire what has won some race in which they were interested. "I told you he would not be able to give Badminton five pounds" may not have been very edifying last words, but neither have been certain others.

It has been my object in the foregoing pages to show why people like racing ; the question whether they *ought* to like it is altogether beyond my province : not that I am unaware that it is one upon which considerable difference of opinion exists, but in case I may have scandalised anybody by enlarging upon the interests and pleasures of an institution so fraught with evil as the Turf I will conclude by prescribing an infallible panacea to such as may be anxious that their boys should never care for racing :—At the age of nine make them learn the Scale of Weight-for-Age by heart, and from ten to fourteen make them invariably commit the names and weights for the Spring and Autumn Handicaps to memory. Oh, how they will hate racing for the rest of their lives !

T. LONGUEVILLE.

LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

LITERATURE.

PERHAPS the most "important" book of this month, that which stirs a man most (in whatever way it stirs him), is Mr. Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads* (Methuen and Co.). One is really almost tired of hearing Mr. Kipling called "the Just," like Aristides, but it is impossible to do anything but go on praising him. It is a little disappointing that he publishes none of the poems from which, apparently, he has taken many of the mottoes of his own stories. But perhaps he may give us these another time; or perhaps, like Scott, with his "Old Play," there are no such poems, but only the verse which supplied the motto. To laud Mr. Kipling's ballads of the British soldier is only to repeat an old strain. They are admirable, exemplary; one wishes some of them were not quite so coarse. The subject is not a person of refinement, but the poet might be less sympathetic in reproducing his terminology. Briefly, they are the most stirring, the most pathetic, the most trumpet-like of ballads. Only a man of the most blindingly original genius could have written them, and I hope they may win the ear and the heart of England, and make England more careful of her gallant children and defenders. As to the poem of "Cleared," it stings like the lash of a whip on the face. "The Ballad of the Three Captains" should also sting; but, as the Jolly Roger is hauled down, and American publishers are no longer to go a-roving under it, this poem may be regarded as a wail out of the evil past. Mr. Kipling will not be tempted to "nail his" (the Pirate's) "ears to my capstan-head, and rip them off with a saw, and souse them in the bilge-water and serve them to him raw," any more. No longer will the pirate crimp his crew, steal his heathen gods, and send him a derisive ten-pound note. "Does he steal with tears, when he buccaneers? 'Fore God, then, why does he steal?"

Among the unhappy things of human fate is this, that the great poets

who are dead cannot hear and praise their successors; that the author of "Bonnie Dundee" cannot applaud the author of "The Ballad of East and West." But one can imagine the generosity and the sympathy of that applause.

There is another excellent book of poems this month, the *Songs and Lyrics* of Mr. Joseph Skipsey (Walter Scott). Mr. Skipsey has revised and selected from his own works, and the verses are excellently printed on hand-made paper. Mr. Skipsey, as everyone knows, was a pit-man, and had no special literary education. But he needed none. Like Terpiades, the minstrel of Odysseus, he may say:—

αὐτοδίδακτος δ' εἰμί, θεὸς δέ μοι ἐν φρεσὶν οἵμας
παντοίας ἐνέφυσεν.

"Self-taught am I, and the God has breathed into my heart all manner of lays."

"What tho' in bleak Northumbria's mines
His better part of life hath flown,
A planet's shone on him and shines,
To Fortune's darlings seldom known."

Mr. Skipsey has a true sense of his own, imitative of no other graces, but naturally sweet, kindly, and courageous.

"She who sung to thee so sweetly,
And to airs so wild
Featly danced, still danced so featly,
Was no mortal child."

The friends of poetry should buy a book so worthy of book lovers, and full of verse so natural, so spontaneous, and so graceful in expression.

Among many works of many novelists, the most welcome is not a novel, but merely a new edition of Fielding's *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, edited by Mr. Austin Dobson (Chiswick Press). As a benevolent but not well-informed reviewer once remarked, "This should become an *editio princeps*." Mr. Austin Dobson is an ideal editor of eighteenth century books, and, if the Muse has gone away (*absit omen*), he cannot be better engaged, for our instruction and pleasure, than in combining the minute knowledge of the antiquary with the taste of the accomplished man of letters. He has made quite clear the little mystery or puzzle about the two varying early editions of Fielding's last journal. His notes are models of what notes should be, not written for the sake of note-making, but always elucidating a point. He must have given

long hours to a labour of love so little fascinating as research among old newspapers, tracts ,and reviews of Fielding's time. As to the journal itself, with Scott's latest pages of diary, it is the most interesting and affecting of our literary records. "No rest for Sir Walter till he is in the woolen," and no rest was there for Fielding. The greatest novelist of his century, he left England with plain death before his eyes, seeking for health, but without hope. There was none to say, like Wordsworth—

> "Lift up your hearts, ye mourners, for the might
> Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes."

He had no national vessel placed at his service. The First Lord of the Admiralty did not attend "to ascertain that nothing had been neglected for his accommodation on board the frigate"; England did not know in his case what she was losing. He sailed in a wretched vessel, with a gallant and even tender-hearted ex-privateer for skipper, a captain who, unluckily, was a bit of a bully despite his tenderness to a drowning kitten, and whom the resolute Fielding actually brought to his knees. The novelist's diary is one of malady, discomfort, privation, but as full of humour, generosity, courage, goodwill to men, and love of his native land as any one of his more famous and familiar novels. To quote again Mr. Arnold's old phrase, this is a tonic book, the revelation of the bravest and most loving heart, the last work of a dying hand, the only legacy he could leave to his wife and his children. For pictures of English life and character it is equal to scenes in *Amelia* or *Tom Jones*. If Mr. Dobson could find time and courage for similar editions of his novels, now in need of notes which only he could add, he would indeed make literature his debtor. But this hope seems to conflict with the other hope of more lyrics from Mr. Dobson. Perhaps the two labours are not incompatible.

Among novels, if it is to be called a novel, we have Mr. Haggard's *Nada the Lily* (Longmans). It is really a very daring experiment, an attempt to write the epic of a broken people who have left only the materials for epic, in the shape of song, legend, and story. Mr. Haggard's preface gives a full view of his sources, with most of which, except the belief in the *Inkosazana-ye-Zulu*, the "Queen of Heaven," I have become acquainted in the course of researches into savage life and religion. To my mind the realisation of savage existence and the spirit of it have never been so honestly and accurately set forth. The Indians of Chateaubriand, and even of Cooper, are conventional, and creatures of

civilised fancy, compared with these blood-thirsty, loyal, and fatalistic Zulus, who, except for their devotion to absolute monarchy and for the colour of their skins, are the Northmen of Africa. The wild scenes with the wolves, accretions of myth round an historical nucleus, are really not so savage as the similar days of were-wolf life in the Volsunga Saga. In Dr. Callaway's Zulu traditions of the last generation there are tales which quite justify the prowess of Umslopogaas and Galazi. The character of Chaka, the Napoleon of the Amazulu, who made a people and destroyed a million of lives in the process, is an historical study, and historical are his atrocities which excel what the puny fancy of Nero could suggest. The scene of the death in the cave is also matter of fact, only, in truth, both the lover and the lady died together, unable to join each other, and perishing, one of hunger, one of wounds. The legend then seems to me to be a curiously veracious reproduction of Zulu life and character, when the people occupied a place like that of the Iroquois League in America. Mr. Haggard, in short, appears in the rather unaccustomed character of a realist, a realist dealing with savage life and seeing it with the eyes of the savage. But that the book, with its incessant massacres, will please admirers of the realistic pictures of our civilisation, the ladies and gentlemen who like to read about squalor, vice, and matter "rich in heart-break," I would be the last to expect. Yet the wild woman of the woods, the murderer of children, is, in America as in Africa, a character just as familiar and real as a pawnbroker or a dentist in London or Paris. And so with the rest, except for the professedly mythic element, in itself truly conceived, they are as accurately drawn as if they were commonplace persons of modern urban existence—flirts, minxes, philanthropists, doctors, and solicitors. But they belong to a dead world, which will not be born again for many generations, and unadventurous people of culture not familiar with them will not believe in them, nor, perhaps, be more interested in them than a Zulu would be in *David Grieve*.

Mr. Morley Roberts' short stories in *King Billy of Ballarat* (Lawrence and Bullen) are extremely vigorous tales, which are assuredly full of interest. *The Magician of El Shômar* is worthy of a place in Mr. Frederick Boyle's *Camp Notes*, and one can hardly give it higher praise. By the way, a kinsman of the reviewer's, a dweller among wild men, avers that he has discovered, and explained in *The Illustrated London News*, the secret of the mango-tree trick. But who shall discover the excellent secret of *The Wizard of El Shômar?* In *A Domestic Tragedy* Mr.

Morley Roberts certainly shows a mastery of a passion in tatters, and exhibits a novel situation "rich in heart-break." The revolver stories, such as *The Sheriff of Red Butt*, are excellent, but extremely grim, with none of Mr. Bret Harte's lightness of tone and touch. The French stories one would prefer to have in French, in which language, perhaps, Mr. Roberts would have more elbow-room. It may be a mere personal fancy, but to myself Mr. Roberts seems more or less influenced by the peculiar manner of Mr. Kipling. Emphatically, he has vigour, and vigour is Mr. Hume Nisbet's forte in *A Bushranger's Bride* (White). One may defy any person to read the *Bushranger's Bride* without being interested. Mr. Nisbet has the indispensable mysterious gift of the born story-teller. I could wish that his heroes, like Tom Sawyer, never allowed the bushranger's flag to be stained by crime. They are rather "low," as the convict says in *Great Expectations*. The grammar of the narrator, supposed to be an educated man, is needlessly lax, and occasionally defies construction; but one has known schoolmasters whose English grammar was not much better. Among books of this class, with adventure enough, Mr. Horace Hutchinson's *Mr. Batter's Pedigree* (Whitefriars Library: Henry and Co.) is conspicuous for humour, urbanity, and pleasantness of tone. Mr. Hutchinson's *Creatures of Circumstance* was a delightful set of scraps, masquerading as a three-volume novel, really far better than most novels, but not in the novel readers' way. The tales in *Mr. Batter's Pedigree* are also scraps, but slightly held together, yet they are full of the best qualities, for Mr. Hutchinson, too, can tell a story, and gets hold of charming examples. His manner, too, is entirely his own, and, for his purposes, could hardly be improved upon.

Gyp's manner needs not criticism. Her *Mariage Civil* (Calmann Lévy) is not among her best collections of *contes*. M. de Takt is good, "il avait pour Arlette la pudeur (qu'elle n'avait pas) de la situation." But nobody, alas, can have modesty enough for two! This seems to be Gyp's thirtieth volume; it is difficult to be witty on the same level through thirty volumes.

An author who found little difficulty in the task was Lucian. That English readers may have a chance of appreciating a wit so long dead with the world in which he laughed and moved, Miss Emily Jane Smith has translated, in a pretty volume, some examples of the Syrian Pantagruelist (Harpers). As Miss Smith says, if Lucian's works had only now been discovered, they would need no introduction. People would read them and talk about them, as they did about the dismal Aris-

totelian *Politeia*. But, as Lucian is, and always has been, accessible, he is neglected by culture, and is the prey of learning.

"Footsore Erudition" has marked out a claim in his Islands Fortunate, has sunk shafts in it, "and she now stands grimy at the pit-mouth, inviting all comers to descend." Miss Smith does not think that Lucian was "a serious person with a mission." "Humour comes," as Mr. Burnand says, "of having a serious turn of mind, and not giving way to it." Lucian was serious enough, no doubt, but he struggled against it, and as to a "mission"! Miss Smith imagines that Lucian chiefly believed in literature. He had "a style of great eloquence and charm," based on the best Attic traditions, and "made piquant by the fact that it is not quite the real thing, but a conscious imitation, after the fashion of *Henry Esmond* or *The Master of Ballantrae*." In brief, Lucian was no philosopher, but an entertaining man of letters. Indeed, Lucian criticises himself sufficiently in his dream. He has rejected sculpture as a base mechanic craft (so the Greeks thought it), and is borne over earth in the winged chariot of literature.

"And I sowed something upon the earth, like Triptolemus. What it was that I sowed I do not remember, but only this, that the people looked up at me from beneath, and praised me, and sped me on my way wherever I passed in my flight." We know what he sowed, and a few of us praise him still. Miss Smith's very fluent and agreeable translations should add to the number of the friends of Lucian. She has made the author modest, by omissions, or by a slight indispensable alteration, which, unluckily, produces nonsense in one passage. But that could hardly be helped, though an heroic omission would have been a wiser policy.

An author with some of Lucian's qualities, but without a full share of his good humour, is M. Ludovic Halévy. His *Karikari* (Calmann Lévy) is both funny and *morne*, displaying that wonderful conceit of the poor *cabotin* whose part is to be kicked across the stage, and who consoles himself by memories of his wonderful successes with Russian princesses and with the public. M. Halévy has also a melancholy account of English tourists charging like a whirlwind through the Louvre, personally conducted, and exclaiming *Aoh!* like the *Aoi*, at the end of each *laisse* in the Chanson de Roland. They are, indeed, a dreadful spectacle, distressing to the Briton who is not personally but well conducted. M. Halévy repeats the old accusation that our women have large feet. Are they really so very much bigger than those of French women? We need a

serious statistical inquiry. The French Academy might appoint a commission of M. Halévy, M. Pierre Loti, and M. Paul Bourget to inquire into this matter of boots, and report.

Professor Child, of Harvard, has now printed the eighth volume of his exhaustive Ballad Book, with all variants and copious notes. Perhaps the most curious thing in the volume is the Demon Lover in an English version, collected by Pepys. The flat stupidity of the popular English Muse, the tameness, the dulness of her, show visibly beside the romantic and dramatic manner of the Scottish ballad on the same theme. The English is a mere parochial drone, the Scottish is particularly fine and vigorous. Many of the variants are from Abbotsford MSS., copied by Mr. Macmath. Professor Child hopes to finish his heavy and useful task in one more volume. The work will never need to be done again. The problem of the diffusion of the ballads in Europe seems as obscure as ever, after all Professor Child's labours.

ANDREW LANG.

THE DRAMA.

IT is a common idea amongst amateur playwrights that a manager never reads a manuscript from an unknown hand, but returns it unopened with the sportive remark, "All my arrangements are made for twenty years." With this tradition, I daresay, many a suburban Triplet has beguiled the tedium of waiting for fame. But it is time that someone should show us the manager in his habit as he works, plodding a weary road of foolscap in the company of *dramatis personæ* who bore him to death before the first mile-stone, or, in the midst of an excellent "run," forlornly appealing to a bird of evil omen perched on the bust of Shakespeare above his chamber door to say whether the rare and radiant being whom the angels call Lenore, and who is known to the box-office as "House Full," will patronise his next venture. You cannot visit some of the theatres just now without thinking of the agonised quest for fresh and forcible dramatic writing through which the manager must have passed before he resigned himself to this particular exercise of the drop-curtain. What nights of care were the portion of Mr. Thomas Thorne, conscientiously searching for a piece in which his quality of reserved humour might have full scope, and reduced at last to a version of an old French farce which, in its Vaudeville disguise as

Vote for Giggs, was one of the most unmirthful fantasies! What reams Mr. Charles Wyndham must have read before he also took refuge in the French, tearing himself from that widow's cruse of the Criterion drama, *David Garrick*, to produce the *Fringe of Society!* I am told that a "fringe" is one of the subtle devices by which a skilful *coiffeur* enables ladies to make time stand at gaze like Joshua's moon. I fear this triumph has not been achieved by the specialist who was called in at the Criterion to impart a youthful aspect to an adaptation of the *Demi-Monde*. How often have we seen the Circe from whose toils the eloquent but inexperienced young man from the Antipodes is rescued by his middle-aged friend! She has a past which makes her weep such remorseful tears that the impassioned youth is melted by her penitence until he overhears her confessing to his middle-aged friend that it is a fraud! When you observe a back-room in the "set" of act four, you know that the simpleton is sure to turn eavesdropper, and that Circe, who flattered herself she had transformed him into an Australian sheep, clad in woolly metaphors, will suddenly feel his retributive finger on her shoulder. Australia in this play is too young for average credulity. They must have heard of Monte Carlo widows even at Wagga-Wagga. And I cannot believe that Miss Mary Moore, who has accepted the remnant of the middle-aged baronet's heart, would hear without the least concern that it had lately figured amongst the fascinating widow's personal effects.

But if it is strange that Mr. Wyndham has so little new material at his command that he is forced to resuscitate the stage adventuress, it is still more surprising that two old dramatic hands like Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Robert Buchanan should have imagined that a play with Cromwell as its central figure was the very thing for the Adelphi audience. The Adelphi has traditions which it is perilous to ignore. They demand vice and virtue, treason and noble unselfishness, much larger than life, and dressed in the garments of to-day. What is the good of a villain in the costume of the Commonwealth snuffling under a hat which cannot be seen in the Strand? Why bewilder the pit with a Puritan hero who contrives with perfect integrity to serve both the King and the Parliament, and who, though an officer in the Parliamentary army, saves the life of young Charles after Worcester because he has sworn an oath to Cromwell's daughter never to let a Stuart fall into her father's hands? This psychological puzzle might be very well if Mr. Sims and Mr. Buchanan were trying to simulate Ibsen; but the Adelphi

audience knows that while it is right for Royalists to secrete Charles in a cupboard with a pie, it is absurd for the Cromwellian colonel to help the fugitive to escape, and then give himself lofty airs of virtue before his commanding officer. Mr. Leonard Boyne ought to be shot there and then, but he is remanded till the last act in order that Cromwell, whose habit of making speeches to portraits of Charles I. in the dead of the night instead of going to bed has made him light-headed, may be charged by his daughter with a mean desire to shoot the man who does not want to marry her. So Cromwell is actuated not by the soldierly instinct to punish flat treason, but by the bloodthirsty revenge of a heavy father. This, I suspect, is too much for the Adelphi playgoers, who are not consoled by the discovery that one of the favourite idioms of the Cavaliers was "Right you are!" Cromwell suffered no little injustice at the hands of the late W. G. Wills, who made him a common self-seeker, a patriot with an itching palm. Even that travesty was less grotesque than a Cromwell who is a match-making papa, and who resents indifference to his daughter's charms, set off by raiment which would have horrified any Roundhead household, more than the grossest act of military insubordination.

I wonder whether Mr. Edward Pigott, when he read the *White Rose*, was moved to exhort the authors to introduce Cromwell at the Adelphi, warts and all, to some better purpose. An actor of some experience has published a book entitled *How to Write a Good Play*, in which the rudiments of the oldest conventions are expounded as if they were profound truths. After reading this I can understand how Mr. Sims and Mr. Buchanan persuaded themselves that it was safe to treat Cromwell as if he were a garrulous parent in the stereotyped "domestic" drama. But why does not Mr. Pigott, from the resources of a ripe observation, compile a manual for playwrights? A chapter on the distinction between the songs in a Gaiety burlesque and the morality of Norwegian dramas might throw a good deal of light on some of the less intelligible acts of the censorship. Mr. Pigott, who has examined so many plays, ought to be better able than any man to frame rules for dramatic writing. A deputation of dramatists and critics might wait upon him with a petition to draw the veil of an undue modesty, and shed the light of his countenance upon them as a philosopher and guide. The moment is propitious for such a leadership of thought. Managers are distracted by the scarcity of plays; playwrights are driven to make Cromwell babble of his daughter's blushes; critics are beginning to find

that even Ibsen palls; and some worthy legislators are inquiring into the relations between theatres and music-halls with that fine æsthetic sense which distinguishes a Parliamentary Committee. The chaos is even worse than when Ibsenism was proclaimed to be the saving gospel of dramatic art. The advanced Ibsenite is weary of *A Doll's House*. He pants for more problems. In *Karin*, which was played two afternoons at the Vaudeville, a connubial conundrum from the Swedish was found too strongly reminiscent of Norah Helmer. When Norah came back from the Antipodes to the Avenue, her old admirers were cool and distant. The "miracle" on which Torvald is left to meditate seemed as tiresome as a conjurer's trick when you can see through it. The palate which demands the stimulus of fresh compounds of Scandinavian sauces would be jaded even by Hedda Gabler with her pistols and her craving to mould a human soul. These things were vastly interesting when they were new, but the penalty of the Munich magician is that his psychological wonders grow so stale. Other men of genius who have written for the stage have imparted some quality to their work which gives it a perpetual freshness. There are old plays which take the memory captive, and which we revisit from time to time with a pleasure which has no relish of problems in it, and no misgiving of intellectual satiety. They have some charm of poetry, or fancy, or humour which remains with us all our lives, like the spell of the favourite author whose place on the shelf is never covered with the dust of neglect. But Ibsen has taught us to adopt an attitude of constant challenge. Controversy about his plays is too much like debates on Parliamentary resolutions. The honourable member moves that in the opinion of this House a married woman who has forged her father's signature to raise money for her husband's holiday ought not to have this digression from conventional morality flung in her teeth by the man who probably owes his life to her forethought. Then the critics fall to, like legislators on a Wednesday afternoon, and uphold or belabour this proposition, with the result that Norah Helmer ceases to be a woman, and becomes an embodied dispute, a human pamphlet, a volume of Hansard, sticky here and there with the thumb-marks of a child over-fond of sweetmeats. So when we revisit *A Doll's House* the interest of character or action is stifled by controversial recollections, as of a debate on women's suffrage. Every speech reminds us of the honourable member's capital point, or of his flagrant fallacy. The purely human side of the play is crushed by your sociology or mine,

and you find no more æsthetic pleasure in it than in a bundle of old newspaper "leaders."

This drawback of Ibsenism did not afflict *Beata*, a crude and laboured attempt to tell the story which is told by inference in *Rosmersholm*. Perhaps this is the first of a series of preludes and sequels to well-known plays, and we may yet have five acts in which Horatio tells Hamlet's story to an unbelieving generation, who pooh-pooh the ghost and hold that Hamlet had much in common with the March hare. To turn Ibsen into the "domestic" drama, according to the recipes to be found in *How to Write a Good Play*, may be termed the atrophy of play-writing. Imagine the whole tribe of theatrical conventions coolly adapting "the Rosmersholm view of life" to their tricks and manners, their emotions, and their grimaces! After this, Mr. Oscar Wilde's play at the St. James's, which has acquired a new grace since Miss Winifred Emery became Lady Windermere, is a refuge both for philosophy and art. Here you can look at your playbill without suspecting that it is a leaflet, or that the cast comprises the clauses of a social reform. In the present state of our serious modern drama there is a good deal to be said for the playgoer who flees from problems and yearns to be amused. By a happy chance there are three theatres at this moment where it is possible for an intelligent man to laugh loud and long. *Niobe*, at the Strand, must have diverted everybody except Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who may be excused for not seeing the fun of this travesty of *Pygmalion and Galatea*. The adventures of the widow of Amphion, King of Thebes, in the household of Mr. Peter Amos Dunn, insurance agent, can be confidently recommended to any man who is suffering from a social theory or other mental ailment. Mr. Harry Paulton may not be a Munden, but had he lived in days when it was not undignified for critics to revel in the humours of a good farce, Charles Lamb might have written an essay on his quaint stolidity. *Niobe* is not as deft a piece of work as *The Magistrate*, which has been revived at the Strand, and is just as delightful as it was years ago, when the much-persecuted "beak," hidden under a table with Mrs. John Wood, expressed the hope that his conduct throughout that trying interview had been everything that was respectful. Whoever returns to Mr. Pinero's masterpiece of droll conceits with a sense of weariness has something wrong with his cerebral substratum. Both in *The Magistrate* and in *Niobe* the central idea is sustained to the end, and Mr. W. L. Courtney, who has some apprehension that popular taste

is inclining towards brief "sketches" at the theatre, would find no desire to see either of these three-act farces compressed into half the space The popularity of the short pieces at the Court is founded on *A Pantomime Rehearsal*, one of those successes which rarely repeat themselves, and offers not the slightest criterion of public taste in relation to the "sketch' at the music-hall. If there were the smallest chance that the burlesque in which Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Weedon Grossmith have diverted us on several stages and for many months would set the standard of what is called the "improvement" of the music-hall entertainment, the dispute which has been raging so long before a Parliamentary Committee would wear a different complexion. But the music-hall patron does not want a stage-play, in the just sense of that term, with his drink and his smoke and his occasional promenade amongst the dryads from a certain Wood. He wants his Lottie, with her senseless song; his Batavian Bob, who illustrates some comic phase of drunkenness; his White-nosed Nubian, his acrobats. These joys are congenial to the atmosphere of liquor and tobacco which distinguishes the music-hall from the theatre. Any enactment to prevent the thirty minutes' "sketch" from becoming the forty minutes' play in a house where the dram is more potent than the drama, must, in its practical working, prove as futile as arbitrary. But let us have no amiable moonshine about "improving" an institution which has a distinct and definite character, wholly incompatible with dramatic art, together with associations which must be detestable to every lover of the stage.

L. F. AUSTIN.

*** *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts.*